75¢
Mar. 1

VOGUE®

how to find your personal style

your clothes...
your hair...
your makeup...
and how
you wear them

6 women analyze their own
FASHION
PERSONALITIES

YOUR HANDWRITING
what it reveals about you

EXERCISES TO DO
WHEREVER YOU ARE

WHY WOMEN
NEED TO WEEP

"LEARN TO TOUCH...TO SMELL...
TO TASTE" by M.F.K. Fisher





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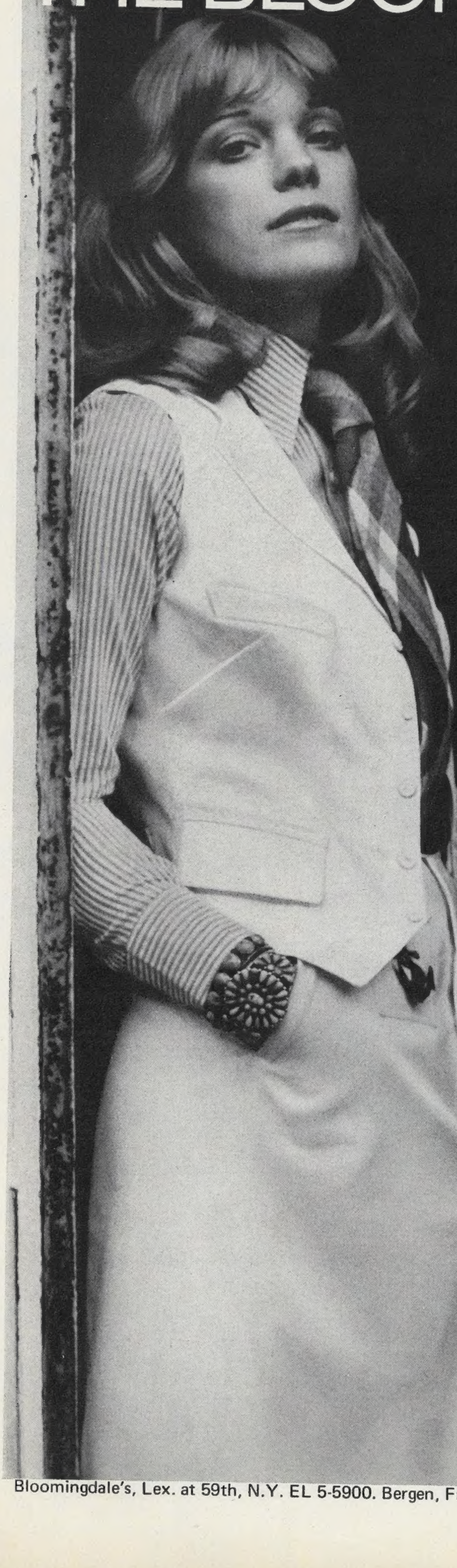
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PENN

COVER: Personal style? Cybill Shepherd (and others) on that subject inside . . . and on the cover in a plunge-y silk shirtdress that lots of women could find themselves in, one way or another. By Geoffrey Beene, écru with blurry brown spots, wide brown suède belt. About $315. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's. Alexis Kirk choker. Cybill's makeup—from Cover Girl—and coif, both by Franklyn Welsh.

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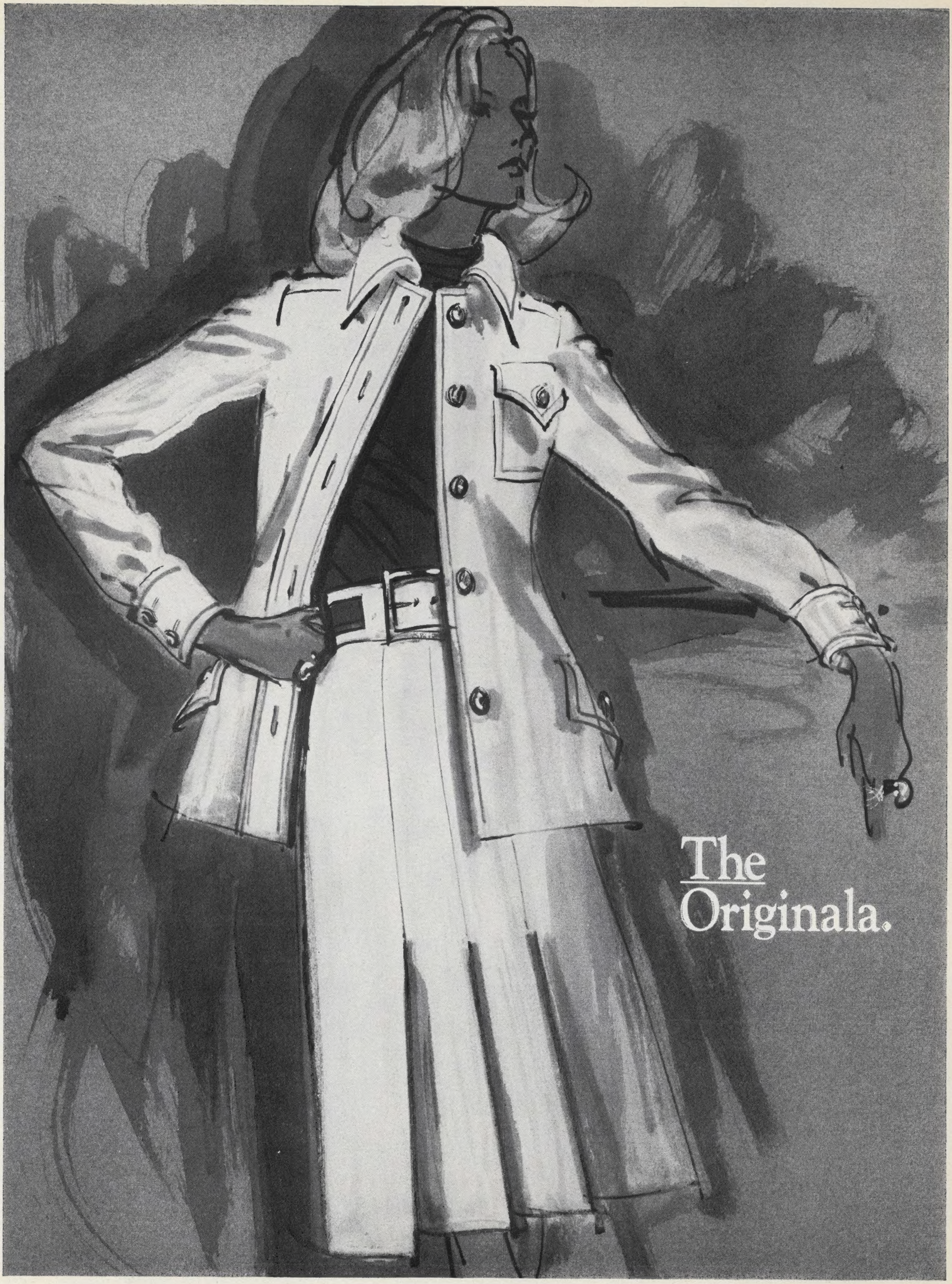
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'Ultima' II – Charles Revson

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jaba of embroidered
double organza
floats under a
tufted satin mandarin jacket.

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Sizes 8 to 16. The complete ensemble, $134. By JAMES KENROB for DALTON.




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Estée Lauder has always believed that milk
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milk has to offer.

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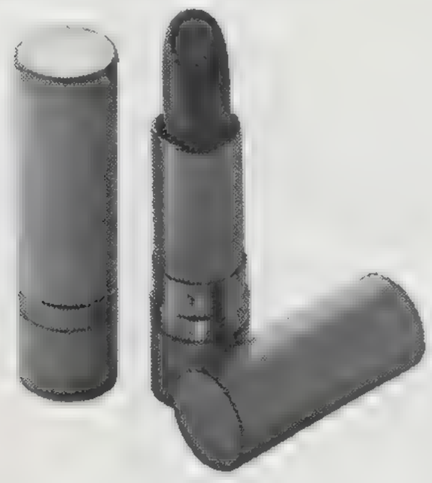

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After you use my cosmetics, the face you'll see in the mirror will be your best face. The face you've been looking for. Discreet. Natural-looking. A face that glorifies your skin and features, not your make-up.

My Lipsticks. For every woman, there are only a few compatible shades. One or two for light-time. And one or two for nighttime. I've limited my Lipsticks to twenty shades. In my opinion, twenty-one would be extravagant.

My Eyeshadows. Now that we've covered your lips, we go to what I consider the most important part of your face: your eyes. I have selected six perfect shades of Eyeshadow. One is especially for you. Several of the others may be just right for that special occasion.

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My Moisture Mantle. If you're over nineteen, your skin is beginning to dry. Use Moisture Mantle. It helps to keep the natural moisture where it belongs: locked in your skin. This is a product I think every woman really needs.

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Once you start using my no-nonsense make-up and skin care products, you'll believe in them, too.

Dina Merrill

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HIALEAH

wilroy at the starting gate

Out to capture new laurels, this non-wrinkling three-part parlay. Navy vest, $30. Checked navy/white trousers, $36.

Both Dacron* polyester knit, 8-18. Patchwork print Travellura shirt of Antron* III nylon. 8-18. $28.

The runaway choice: Twillroy shirtdress in white Dacron* knit, 8-18. $46. *DuPont registered trademarks



Hialeah a racing hall of fame and proving ground for champions, open March 3 April 29



wilroy
long shot

Smart money's on this ankle-length entry in a soft cling of jersey. Time after time you'll find this Travellura dress of Antron* III nylon a quick starter that won't let down in a crush. Pink/green art nouveau print, 8-16. $76.

*DuPont registered trademarks

Burdine's

FLORIDA

Hialeah race course . . . where even the waters in Flamingo fountain turn pink on Flamingo Day, March 11.


wilroy
in the
winner's circle
Everybody loves a winner, and here's
a sure thing. Long knit skirt, slated
to cover the distance in navy or white
Dacron* polyester. 8-16. $46. With it,
a red elegnant print Travelura bodysuit
of non-cling Antron* III nylon. 8-18. $32.
*DuPont registered tradenarks
Bradlee's
FLORIDA
Hialeah race course . . . where Citation won the Triple Crown in 1948 . . . a feat yet to be duplicated.



wilroy
spirited
fillies

A daily double from Wilroy's Hialeah collection, in soft, fluid jersey.

Both Travellura dresses of Antron* III nylon, 8-16. Long sleeve scoop neck in a whimsical pink/lilac print. $58.

Sleeveless dress in a Matisse-inspired design of black and white. $52.

*DuPont registered trademarks

Burdine's
FLORIDA

Hialeah race course . . . home of flame-feathered flamingos who parade on Flamingo Day, March 11.

Burdine's

FLORIDA

wilroy clubhouse favorite

Knits . . . totally uncrushable. Sleeveless Twillroy shirtdress in white Dacron* polyester, front zip outlined in topstitching, 8-18. $46. Post time separates: jacket in white or red Dacron* knit, $60. Coordinating striped Dacron* knit pants, $28. Both 8-18. Ribbed tank top, red or navy Dacron*, 8-16. $16. *DuPont registered trademarks

Hialeah race course . . . winner of the grand architectural prize in Paris for its mediterranean-inspired Clubhouse.

wilroy pantsuit pay-off

A winning look for the contemporary woman.
Blue/white checked cardigan and white pants
in tireless Dacron* polyester knit. Its
running mate, a red/white polka dot Travellura
shirt of Antron* III nylon. 8-18. $105.

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Riverhead, N.Y.	Swezey's
Rochester, N.Y.	Projansky
Rockville Center, N.Y.	Joan's Clothes Barn
Roslyn, N.Y.	Shaw's of Roslyn
Rye, N.Y.	Couture Anonymous
Salem, Mass.	L.H. Rogers
San Juan, Puerto Rico	Velasco
Sarasota, Fla.	The Sport Shop
Scarsdale, N.Y.	Mary Rothman
Schenectady, N.Y.	Mr. Charles Knitwear
Scranton, Pa.	Schreiber's
Short Hills, N.J	Tepper's
Silver Spring, Md.	Blanche's Fashions
Simsbury, Conn.	Carroll Reed Ski Shops
Sioux Falls, So. Dak.	Julia Iverson
Southfield, Mich.	Hudson's-Northland
So. Miami, Fla.	Caprice
So. Orange, N.J.	Clothes Nest
Southwest Phila., Pa.	Swanky Shops
Stamford, Conn.	Ethel Allan
Succassuna, N.J.	Shirley Shops
Syosset, N.Y.	Post & Co
Syracuse, N.Y.	Helmer's
Tallahassee, Fla.	Kristin Stagfield
Taylor, Mich.	Hudson's-Southland
Toledo, Ohio	Hudson's-Franklin Park
Troy, Mich.	Hudson's-Oakland
Ventnor, N.J.	Ronette's
Vineland, N.J.	Hollywood Shoppe
Washington, D.C.	Rizik Bros.
Wayne, Mich.	Hudson's-Westland
Wellesley, Mass.	Après Midi
Westbury, N.Y.	Country Corner
West Chester, Pa.	Hoberman's
Westport, Conn.	Lora Lang
Winchester, Mass.	Town & Country
Wurtsboro, N.Y.	Helen Morrel
Wynnewood, Pa.	Wally's
Yonkers, N.Y.	Personal Touch
Fort Worth, Texas	**Wally Williams**

VOGUE BOOKS

Quick tips to what's diverting, invigorating, charming, flamboyant in some new writing

BY ALLENE TALMEY

The Freedom Trap, by Desmond Bagley (Doubleday). A diverting, un-nicked mystery with its core a fresh group of criminals who spring convicts from leaky British prisons for profit. The story, ranging around from London to South Africa and Malta, is astutely plotted around diamonds, a Swiss numbered bank account, a spy or so, and a fellow whose partner led the police to him. Marvelously detailed, squared off like a hospital bed, it is thoughtful, violent when necessary, and has only a pinch of sex.

Pinafore Farm Cookbook, by Jean Dalrymple (Bobbs-Merrill). An invigorating book of ideas, recipes, and menus with a binder of the author's renowned friends. An amusing and pretty woman who likes producing plays and dinners, Dalrymple understands food, people, their care. Good.

The Moon's a Balloon, by David Niven (Putnam). Bloody charming, this autobiography is the kind of dumb, indulgent storytelling that is becoming a cottage industry. Niven, who is smarter than his book, has stuffed in a little glitter, some sobs about his frightful childhood—it was awful—and his nobbing around with Hollywood nobs and British aristocracy. What he needed and didn't get is a brutal editor to cut away his slovenly writing and spotty inaccuracies.

Jennie: *The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, the Dramatic Years, Vol. II,* by Ralph G. Martin (Prentice-Hall). This biography flashes along like a scull in sunshine. Although she was not *all* dazzle, Jennie Jerome Churchill Cornwallis-West Porch was ravishing, clever, flamboyant, and appealing. She had three husbands, a pride of lovers, two sons, and she wrote an entertaining play, founded and edited a good literary magazine, made money in business, and died in 1921, leaving a saddened widower, twenty-three-years younger than she. She understood that English society, as George Steiner wrote, is a "camouflaged organism whose lines of power are substantially private," used those lines for her son Winston.

Kathleen and Frank: *The Autobiography of a Family,* by Christopher Isherwood (Simon and Schuster). This account of the Isherwood family, taken largely from diaries of Kathleen and Christopher (her son), has fascination but no glow. It plods along like a rowboat. What is remarkable is the candor of Christopher Isherwood. Read after *Jennie, Kathleen and Frank* has an added dimension as both women lived during the times of Victoria, Edward VII, and George V. While Jennie danced among the international aristocrats, Kathleen existed among the English upper middle class. Both were widowed early, but Kathleen mourned endlessly. Both had famous sons, but Jennie's more so. Even Isherwood's superior sensibilities and style cannot keep this book from a fateful Seconal pace.

Nemesis, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). A cerebral, pastoral, nonviolent (only three mild murders) detective story, this is another sturdy tale about Miss Jane Marple, an elderly gentlewoman who needs a cane for her legs but nothing for her mind. That catches like a slammed door. Miss Marple not only has to find the criminal, she must find the crime without a clue. A slow, admirable job.

The Decline of the Wasp, by Peter Schrag (Simon and Schuster). Hand-knitted sociology, this is a pile of generalities on the ills now of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestants in this country. Schrag loves a wide sweep of the iron broom, losing point sometimes, but remaining happy as he discovers anew what H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis knew in the 1920's: there is always a slobby market for further descriptions of those undying invalids, the theater and the WASPS. ▼

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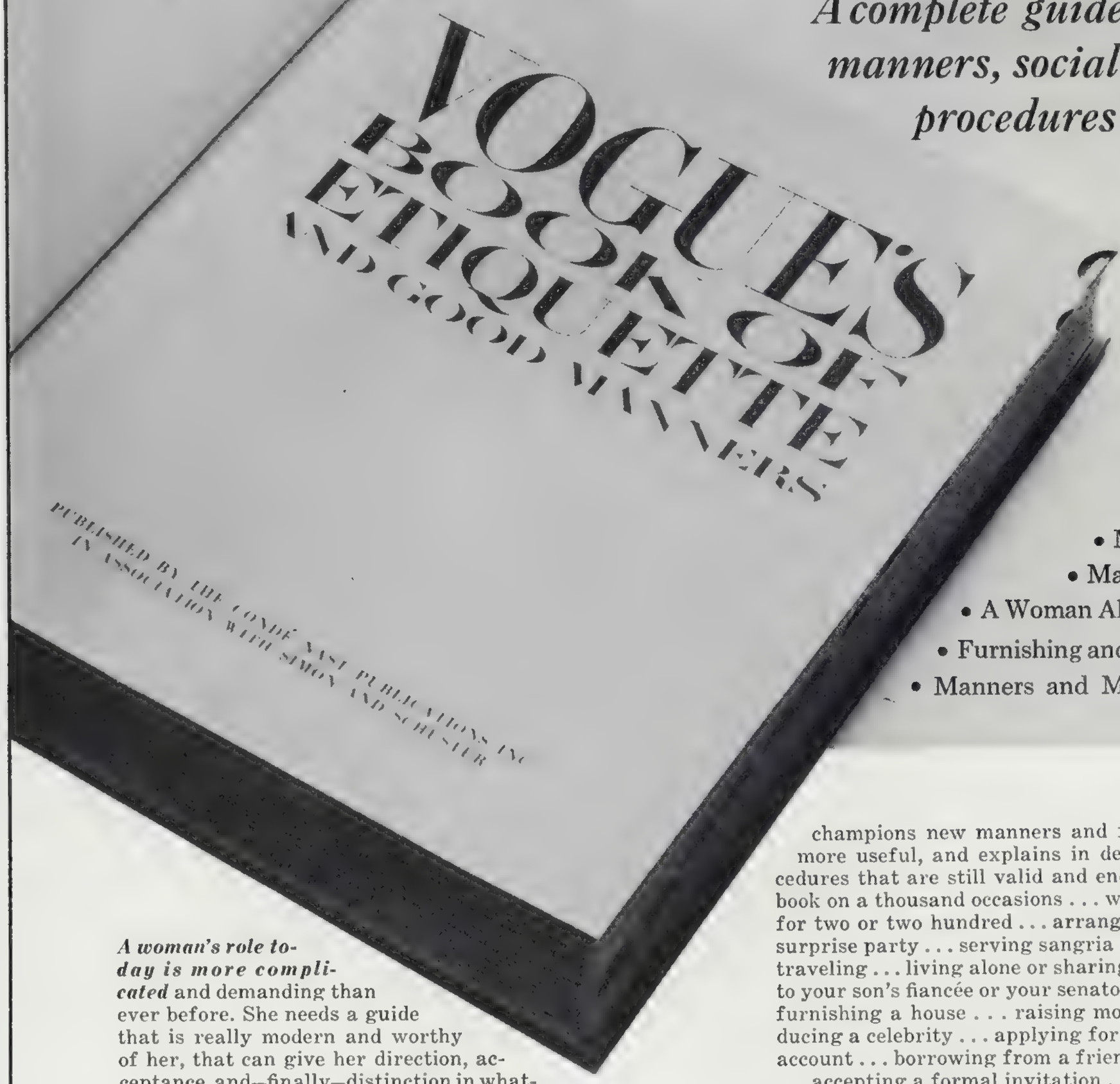
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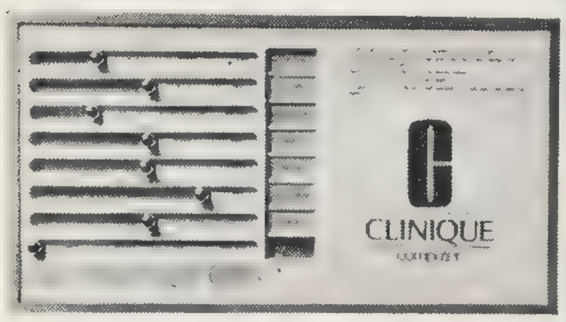
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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Change your face: the instant face-lift

Wouldn't you like to change your face by lifting ten or even twenty years from it . . . quickly, painlessly, temporarily? Maybe the instant face-lift—non-lasting, but great while it lasts—is the answer. Evelyn Marshall, the makeup whizz, does it with two strips of adhesive tape, applied above the temples on each side and fastened to two pieces of elastic cord—which are then tied around the head, anchored to a section of hair in back. When the tapes are positioned correctly (this is important), cords tied at the right tension, makeup and hair properly done to conceal these stratagems, it really whisks the years away. . . . This small miracle is performed at Evelyn Marshall's New York studio, 14 East 38th Street, and at her salon in Beverly Hills, run by her son, Alan. The Beverly Hills clientele includes an all-star cast of show-business people. At either Marshall salon, you get the lift plus makeup (a vital factor in its success), for the purchase of $25 worth of the excellent Marshall cosmetics; the price also includes instruction in how to do both lift and makeup yourself.

Where the Marshalls' professional guidance is all-important is in deciding, first off, where your face needs the most help—and where the tapes should go to supply it. In front of a well-lighted mirror, one of the Marshalls or a deputy presses upward at various points on both sides of your face. When the areas for taping have been decided, they're cleaned with astringent to remove oil—this helps the tape to stick. The tapes are then applied and the elastic cords tied under hair at the back, lifting as needed to get the desired pull. Cords are anchored by tying them to a tiny braid of hair 3″ or 4″ long in back—this, and the cords, must be placed so you can comb the top hair over them. You may need an attractive wig; concealment is all. . . .

We don't advise a do-it-yourself lift without at least one session of professional instruction. When you're ready to go it alone, here are Miss Marshall's tips on how to proceed: Buy a roll of clear Dermacel hypoallergenic first-aid tape, 1″ wide, by Johnson & Johnson, and a few yards of round elastic cord—the silk-coated kind that holds children's party masks in place. (Total outlay, under $1.50.) Cut two sections of tape, each about 3″ long. Fold one end of each section over several times to strengthen it. Punch a hole in the folded end; tie a 12″ piece of elastic cord through the hole. Then: tape, tie, lift. . . .

Change your hair: the Zelda bob

Lift your hair out of the droops and draggles—by treating it to a really expert haircut that will swing it clear of the shoulders, curve it prettily around the face, like the bouncy, boxy bob shown here. Where it can be done is at Davian, 21 East 74th Street, the joint venture of two highly-skilled young hair cutters-and-stylers, David Daines and Ian Harrington—whose names gave the salon its monicker. Fresh, cheerful, with-it, but not overly hyped-up, this year-old salon is a magnet for women who want good manageable hair, like to experiment a bit occasionally, and enjoy the interested, un-perfunctory approach taken to each woman's hair. . . . Ian uses the straightness and weight of hair to make it move, swing. He starts this cut at the back, just at the point where hair naturally turns under and clings to the neck; then, working towards the front, ends up at a point just under the cheekbone. Bangs are left full, straight, to frame the face, give depth to the eyes. Maintenance? A simple matter of washing, blow-drying, brushing—David and Ian use a plastic, rubber-bristled brush to lift and aerate the hair. . . . Because of its twenties look, the cut is named for the tempestuous beauty, Zelda Fitzgerald. But it also works well with the Chinese look—or any other '72 fashion.



(More Beauty Checkout, page 40)



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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Southern suntan—if you can't make it, fake it

At this time of year, it's possible that (a) you've had it with winter, (b) you're weary of a pallid face, and (c) you can't just drop everything and head for a palm tree. Here, then, some reminders of how you can put a little sun in your life without leaving town. . . . The sun lamp—great for a quick glow; and the better ones even produce some vitamin D, but remember all the sun lamp precautions: Follow, scrupulously, directions for timing and distance from the lamp; many good lamps now have timers you can pre-set. Slather on whatever sunscreens and moisturizers you'd use on a real-life beach. Wear sunglasses. Check with your doctor if you're on any medication—sometimes this causes greater sun-sensitivity. And don't use a sun lamp in the bathroom (water + electricity = K*A#B*O#O*M!). . . . If sun lamps don't turn you on, try some cosmetic sun-fakers now—gel bronzers, tans in tubes that work overnight, a new and rosier blusher. Then, after you're all glowed up, add to the fun with something bright and sunny to wear—surprising how all this trickery can give a lift to looks and outlooks. . . .

How to get out of the bleached-blonde bind

Some bleached blondes can go on forever—and more power to them! But some reach a point at which either they are tired of their hair, or their hair is just plain tired. Here's where Constance, crack colorist at Louis-Guy D', comes in with her new Reverse Sunburst, which brings blondes back to natural and still leaves them a look of blondness. Weaving through the hair on top of the head with the end of a rattail comb, Constance isolates a sunburst of fine blond strands, and puts a long-lasting rinse on the rest of the hair to match natural, non-blond roots. Revised Blonde breezes out of the salon in a dazzle of blond streaks you'd swear the sun had beamed in. And won't have to come back for two to four months, when she'll reappear for a touch-up on just the roots of the blond streaks (more or less, depending on the length, style, and natural color of her hair). . . . One Revised Blonde decided that she needed new, natural makeup to back up her new, natural hair. Rushed off to Georgette Klinger—who'd already been doing wonders for her complexion—where resident wizards prescribed and applied: new lighter cream makeup to de-pink her high coloring . . . new brown eye shadow, liner, and mascara to replace formerly favored blues and greens . . . and—instead of pink—new warm coral lipstick to pick up the glow of new peachy cream rouge. . . . A nice prerogative, to change your mind? . . . Louis-Guy D', 12 East 57th Street, New York; Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Avenue, New York.

Breakfast—fueling-up time

A good breakfast—good for you. We've heard it so often that we may be brushing off this advice like cornflakes from a tablecloth. "Takes too long." . . . "I can only face orange juice and coffee." But the truth is that, according to one of the outstanding nutritionists in the country, the old adage is loaded with wisdom. Without breakfast, it's difficult to get your daily quota of essential nutrients. This is the time to get one-fourth to one-third of all the food-valuables needed in a day. Proteins, vitamins, minerals—these are things that can make all the difference between snap and slump. So if you tend toward grouch or slowdown in the mid-morning, consider, he says, some of these for starters: eggs, ham, lamb chops, white fish, whole wheat bread, fresh butter, milk, a really fortified and tasty cereal. And on special Sunday mornings, breakfast could be even more sparkling by adding a glass of champagne . . . with a strawberry. . . .

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5'0"		S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S			L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L				
5'1"	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S		L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L			
5'2"	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L		
5'3"		S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	
5'4"			S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	M	M	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L
5'5"				S	S	S	S	S	S	S	M	M	M	M	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L
5'6"					S	S	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	L	L	L	L	L	L	L	L
5'7"						M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	L	L	L	L	L	L	
5'8"							M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M		L	L	L	L		
5'9"								M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M				L	L			
5'10"									M	M	M	M	M	M									
5'11"										M	M	M	M										

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VOGUE READY BEAUTY

Nifty package-deal for smudgy fingers

How nice to find that not only heaven is out to protect the working girl, but also on our side is a tidy set-up of office cosmetics known as Dimensions, intended to give aid and comfort to our smudgy, drudgy hands. Every Dimensions kit holds 24 Finger Pinkies—tiny, fragrant towelettes for removing ink, ribbon, and carbon mess; 24 packets of Pink Drops, each one a palmful of softening hand cream (after a skin-blasting wash with the liquid-dispenser soap in most ladies' rooms, what could be more welcome); and a pot of Petite Papercreme, a scented moistener to help your fingers flip through papers or even count new bills with flash and accuracy. The kits are tuck-away-in-a-drawer-size, and you can buy any item separately. All of this was devised by the Liquid Paper Corporation, makers of that tactful un-doer of typing errata, Slipstick correction fluid.

New body suit smoothing curves

Okay, nobody's perfect, but with a bit of judicious help from here and there, it's astonishing how close one can get. Helena Rubinstein's whopping new boost for the body consists of the Body Life Suit and Body Life Contouring Cream, and a dandier pair for chic and coddlement would be hard to come by. The suit, a turtleneck all-together which takes the place of sweater and tights, is made of molding, flattering, curve-controlling Lycra spandex—stretchy as a cat and great with pants or any-length skirts. It washes and dries in a jiff, needs no iron, and comes in four essential colors. The cream, which you massage velvetly into your skin before slipping into the B. L. Suit, is scentless, dermatologist-tested, and fabulously smoothing. Buy them together or separately.

New ways to wear a stunner of a scent

There are perfumes that come on sparkling, flirty, and witty, and build mysteriously . . . seductively. Revillon's Detchema, named, with reason, for the Tibetan sorceress of joy, is one of them. This is a stunner of a scent, an ardent mingling of flowers and fantasy; and, through the years, Revillon has been adding a pleasure here, a treasure there, so one can enjoy Detchema in many ways. There are parfum de toilette, perfume spray mist, deeply concentrated bath perfume, perfume in a glass spiral or a tiny fluted flacon, as well as the boule bottle of perfume itself. (More, page 48.)

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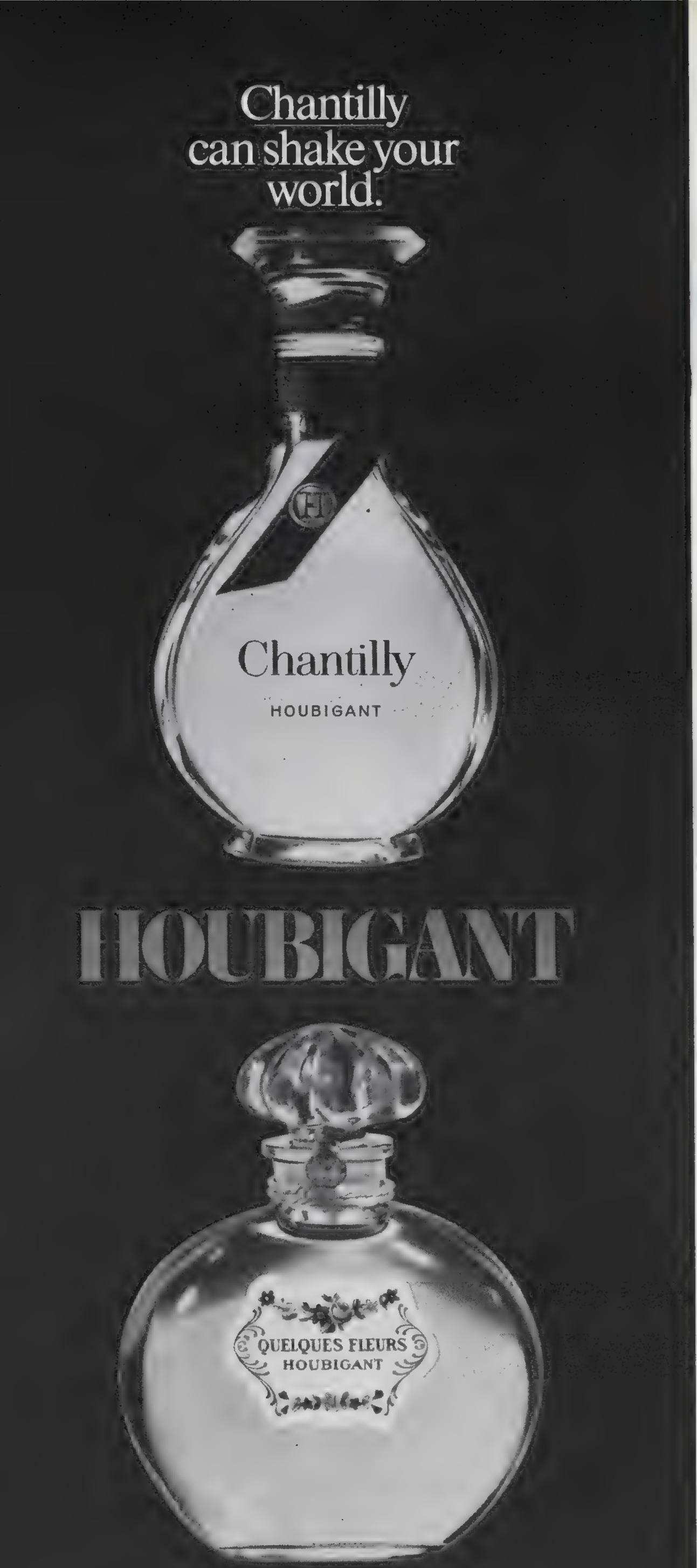
Month _____ City _____

Date _____ State _____

Year _____ Country _____

Time of Birth _____ A.M. _____ P.M. VMX

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VOGUE READY BEAUTY

The soft-water factor in skin care

There's a new, let's-be-gorgeous-all-our-lives thinking around, and it would seem to have got through to the young that dry skin is not something you put off worrying about until you're thirty. In fact, Menley & James' Love Cosmetics has just launched a group of protective-correctives called Soft Water Skin Care, destined to please both sides of thirty. Every treatment—there are six—incorporates the three vital goodnesses necessary to keep all skins sleek and radiant: distilled, soft water free from chemicals or minerals, gentle and beneficent as Irish mist; light, sheltering, moisture-holding oils; and that fascinating item called NMF—Nature's Moisture Factor—which is the natural humectant that maintains the skin's oil and water balance at top operating level and fights off chapping, parching, and, ultimately, wrinkling. The skin-loving six are: Love's Cleansing Soap Bar—non-drying, non-irritating; Love's Creamy Face Wash for dry and normal complexions; Love's Light Moisturizer for normal to oily types and Love's Super Moisturizer for extra-drys; Love's Face Freshener, to leave you cool and satiny; and Love's Dry Spot Creme, full of richness and dew for your face, throat and, most especially, that vulnerable area around your eyes.

Shining new help for tinted hair

It happens to everybody. You start out with your hair color looking true as a child's, and much too soon the brass creeps in. Leslie Blanchard, who knows and cares about the coloring of hair, has just made up a new (and apparently the first of its kind) conditioner, Maintain, especially for tinted hair—to shine it and—most exciting of all—help hold its color fresh from one application to the next by curbing the usual action of sun and oxygen and shampoo. Maintain has two formulas: Platinum, to keep the red or the brass out of cool colors like ashy blond, grey, or black hair, and Sandy, which locks in the subtlety and understatement of beige-y blond, soft brunette, and gentle brown. Look for Maintain at The Private World of Leslie Blanchard, 19 East 62nd Street in New York, or at other special hairdressers.

Oil in your best interests

Any woman whose morning face is less than bloomy had best do a stern review of her bedtime beauty drill. Better yet, let her try Frances Denney's new Super Penetrating Oil. Its elegant emollience is so soothing (and so quickly adsorbent), one feels no wrinkle would dare appear. The bottle is fitted with a clever sponge applicator for swift and agreeable going.



Thick-tossing, slow-motion bouncing, hair he wants to bury his face in—that's what Europeans love. And why they adore things Pantene.

Because the exclusive Swiss Conditioner in Pantene embraces each hair, hugs it firmly, tenderly; helps your hair have the look of health, natural radiance.

Pantene shampoos, lotions and soft-as-hair sprays are now made in the U.S.; and are available only at finer stores and beauty salons.

Let Pantene help you fall in love with your hair.

Maybe for the first time.



Teach your hair a new language: Pantene®

For living—for wearing. The first ways to do it, from Echo®, always the newest in fashion. Our Spring collection is brimming over with beauties, colorful and clever, bold and bright. Wear them well! Take this great little chubby vest, for instance, to toss over a turtleneck—definitely an Echo first! Or go all portrait-pretty in a romantic Echo shawl. Or try our brand new tailored tie look. Or you might tie a halter, bare-backed, above your long skirt. Create your own perky bow from an oblong Echo, dotted for dash. We've always designed for living and for wearing. And we make all the great shapes to live in and to wear. Wear them well! Echo.

designed for living



by Echo
the scarf people

From a collection at Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston; Gus Mayer, all stores; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; and all fine stores or write Echo Scarfs, 485 Fifth Ave., New York. Also Echo Scarfs in Canada, 400 Blvd. de Maisonneuve, West, Room 800, Montreal.

VOGUE HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



DAVID NIVEN was born March 1, 1910, with the Sun in Pisces in an exact trinity with the Moon in another Water sign, Scorpio (power), and his ruler, Neptune, in Water Cancer (sign of the people). This Water trine produces an imaginative person who easily reflects the characters he portrays. Mercury and Venus are in the Air sign Aquarius (fame) on his chart in trine with Jupiter in Air Libra (beauty), showing a fame-oriented being. An exact cross in the Cardinal signs—Aries, Cancer, Libra, and Capricorn—places him among the daily workers: people who do their living wholly in the present tense.

FROM MARCH 1 THROUGH MARCH 15

ARIES, March 21–April 19. You are a stimulating force in all areas, releasing various kinds of power. Your ruler, Mars, now in controlled Taurus turns you toward values. Your move for financial gain should be made the first week; then expect the results as the period ends. Resist sales talk, while maneuvering others to your advantage. Venus in your sign has excited this money drive, revealing a side of you seldom seen.

TAURUS, April 20–May 20. Your usual preference for calm and comfort has been upset, and you are initiating deals with others that you find stirring. Your ruler, Venus, in Fire Aries the first week shows you this new game, not exactly suited to you. Move swiftly in and out, in order to be successful. During the second week, you return to your old ways of being the receiver—when your ruler enters your own sign, quiet Taurus.

GEMINI, May 21–June 20. You communicate for comparison's sake, like to test the air for the newest flow, giving yourself a lead. The first week, your ruler, Mercury, in Water Pisces stimulates inspiration. Let your imagination act quickly. An old dream revived brings you closer to fulfillment. The second week, when Mercury moves into Taurus, promising messages pour in. Remain steady; do not let the opportunity fade.

CANCER, June 21–July 22. The constant flux of your personality gives you many aspects: moody, discontented, supportive. The first few days, while Mercury is in Water Pisces, will affect the whole period. After that, alien signs—Aries, Libra, Capricorn—predominate; your partners will travel out of your orbit of influence. You will be on your own. If a business trip is indicated, take to the road to change your luck.

LEO, July 23–August 22. You bring life and vitality to any environment. While your ruler, the Sun, is in Water Pisces with just one favorable partner, Mars in Taurus, it would be best to concentrate your energy on the first few days of the month, then allow others to follow through (Continued on page 52)

PEEL O MATIQUE
REMOVES THE DRY DEAD SKIN

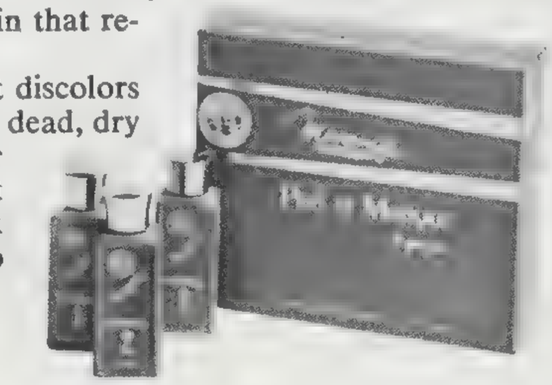
revealing the soft young under-layer



Why does your body remain years younger looking than your face? Because daily bathing or showering, plus the gentle friction of clothing causes the tiny dead skin tissues to continually be removed, letting fresh skin take its rightful place—while face and hands are exposed to the harsh elements (sun, wind, dust, etc.) and the dead, dried-out skin tissue does not shed as fast. This dry layer of skin forms a congesting film that 'locks-in' telltale aging lines and skin blemishes!

It is no longer necessary to suffer the so-called ravages of time. The gentle assist from PEEL O MATIQUE will challenge crows feet, lines above the lips, blemishes, deeply etched wrinkles and crepey skin in three steps used in the privacy of your boudoir. PEEL O MATIQUE will gently remove the dead, dry-layer and allow the skin that renews itself daily to come through.

Just as waxed floor builds up a screen so thick it discolors and hides the true value of the surface—so does the dead, dry layer of your skin prevent the loveliness of your complexion from coming through. Even the most potent of lotions can't penetrate this shield to work their magic. PEEL O MATIQUE will enable you to derive the potential benefits of cosmetics and creams.



Look at the smoothness of your man's face. He may have laugh lines around his eyes, or creases on the forehead, but the lower part of his face is wrinkle free. Why? Because daily shaving removes that outer layer of useless cuticle skin that locks in wrinkles, blemishes and lines.

The three steps of PEEL O MATIQUE are gentle to even the most sensitive skin. Phase I is massaged into the skin. You continue massaging until you feel the shedding take place (like rubbing off skin tissue following a sunburn). Phase II is a firming protective lotion applied to your 'new' skin. Phase III supplements your skin with the natural nutrients of pure protein. It takes but minutes to apply ...and in a matter of weeks the results will be obvious to everyone!

Non-allergic PEEL O MATIQUE is for the back of hands too. Prominent veins recede when the skin is permitted to 'plump out.' Surface spots and blemishes vanish along with that crepey texture. You are going to love looking more beautiful, younger!

Available at these locations and other leading fashion stores.

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Nordstrom Best, all stores
Sage, Allen & Co., Hartford, Conn.
Sanger-Harris, Dallas
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color combinations.

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VOGUE HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 50) with the promotion. Work alone to consolidate personal affairs, postponing anything of importance until these two weeks have passed.

VIRGO, August 23–September 22. Your forte lies in diversifying the uses of an idea. Your ruler, Mercury, in Pisces the first week, inspires two ideas that should be promoted when Mercury enters Fire Aries the second week. This is the time to excite the interest of others in participating. Make your appeal practical, suited to the trinity of planets in Earth (useful) signs: Venus in Taurus; Jupiter in Capricorn.

LIBRA, September 23–October 22. You attract beneficial influences; others want to please and serve you. The first week, your ruler, Venus, in Aries may upset this; associates may expect you to provide the benefits. When Venus enters Taurus the second week, you are safe, security is restored. Since Uranus still occupies your sign, cooperate with others who can promote you. Income should be increased; or a bonus is due.

SCORPIO, October 23–November 21. Your craving for self-expression can be frustrated if your energy lacks a channel for dispersal. You feel thwarted when your forces are stationary. While your ruler, Mars, occupies the fixed Taurus, a sign that blocks flow, Scorpio is troubled. Take time out to evaluate your finances. The second week, use comparison buying to improve and re-dimension your money involvements.

SAGITTARIUS, November 22–December 21. You are in fine form now, with many expansive ideas—indicating growth. Jupiter, your ruler, in Capricorn should attract those of importance. Cultivate friendships that can be useful; these friends will need your solid judgment midway through this period. Scholarly Jupiter and (in your sign) visionary Neptune are in a good relationship—a prophetic combination for you.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 20. Your self-consciousness comes from a feeling of inadequacy; Capricornians are more shy than is thought. Your ruler, Saturn, still in Gemini may incline you to feel disconnected from social and business interests, narrowing your program down to your relatives and yourself. This is a period of self-discovery; Saturn, when slowed, stores energy for the next history-making period.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 19. The personal freedom and independence so necessary to you may make you seem erratic and troublesome to the conformists. Yet they eventually realize that you bring about progress. Uranus, your ruler, in Air Libra (partners) will make you a disturbing influence until your changes prove to be advances. New friends the first week bring benefits; then comes a waiting time for you.

PISCES, February 20–March 20. The contrasts in the Piscean's life reach the heights of euphoria or the depths of confusion. You swing like a pendulum: up when newly inspired, down when your vision is blurred. Your ruler, Neptune, in Fire Sagittarius will not allow pessimistic doubts. The first week, your income is increased by promotional development; the second week, history-makers Neptune and Jupiter pour out ideas.



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VOGUE ART

Russian crafts in American cities, forty centuries of folk arts, treasures

BY GENE BARO

A reenactment of the storming of the Winter Palace? No, indeed. Only some three thousand guests and security agents charging the grand staircase of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. Barely a step ahead was Soviet Minister of Culture Mrs. Ekaterina Furtseva leading United States Secretary of State William P. Rogers to a look at the long-awaited, much-heralded exhibition "Soviet Union: Arts and Crafts in Ancient Times and Today."

In the crowded gallery were more than fifteen hundred exhibits, from Scythian gold ornaments thousands of years old to vodka decanters made yesterday for the export shops. What some viewers expected and wanted were treasures. "Nothing but treasures," one guest put it forlornly, staring at a blown-glass bear with a stoppered back. Others were delighted with the department-store abundance.

The Soviets were obviously interested in making a point. A sign, " 'Art belongs to the people' —V. I. Lenin," greeted one at the exhibition entrance, under a Soviet flag that was the largest exhibit of all. The organizers chose to stress the continuity of folk tradition in applied Soviet arts. Visitors were being asked, in effect, to acknowledge and admire the artist in the artisan.

The exhibition is a mixed bag—how could it be otherwise? The Soviet Union comprises sixteen republics, over one hundred national strains. Think of the task of reconciling the contending claims. Think, in the circumstances, of showing a full range of crafts in a time frame of forty centuries. As if making a single exhibition of this scope weren't enough, the show must be travel-worthy. After Washington, it opens this month in Los Angeles, then will travel most of this year —to St. Paul-Minneapolis, Chicago, Boston, and New York.

No exhibition so large has ever left the Soviet Union. One wonders who in the hierarchy there allayed doubts, smoothed away differences, and chose finally this pot, carpet, and tablecloth over their competitors.

I suppose the curiosities will be most popular—a jeweled saddle that belonged to Ivan the Terrible, a silver-gilt chalice used by the mother of Peter the Great, a gold bowl made in 1624 for the Tsar Michael. But here again we're in a muddle. Are these objects offered as curiosities only or also as great works of their kind, which they don't seem to be?

The real disappointment for art-conscious Americans, however, is in the contemporary objects shown—in heavy glassware (what's more bourgeois than cut glass?), straw animals, *papier-mâché* cigarette boxes. We've been taught not to like gift-and-souvenir art—that's for the unsophisticated. Here, kitsch is present in the form of mass-producible items imitating handcrafted goods and in unique pieces that seem to be manufactured from molds.

The problem for us with such work is perhaps in the cultural assumptions and differences that this exhibition is intended to bridge. We don't make much of the folk tradition here. We give to machines the jobs once done by hand labor—and gladly; and we tend to do this also in the arts. What we seem to be after is simple, efficient design achieved in contemporary materials.

The Soviets, good socialists, must exalt the folk, for if art is not broadly based in the people, where is it? For them, it cannot be found in an elite of artists, scholars, and connoisseurs, still less in the values of the marketplace, with the best reserved for the few who can pay.

This situation accounts for a certain leveling in the contemporary applied arts shown. There are no eccentricities to be found, no surprises, only popularities. Occasionally, more often with the older exhibits, one becomes aware of an exquisite sensibility in some bit of embroidery or carving. When an artist emerges, he validates the whole. ▼

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LETTER FROM ITALY

Two women at the top of success dig under to write brilliant exposés—of political skulduggery in Milan, of art games in Rome

BY ALBERTO ARBASINO

Two books, both controversial and both extremely well done, have provided the surprise of this season; the two authors, both women, are well known in Italy and much admired in the upper reaches of Italian society.

For at least twenty-five years, Camilla Cederna has been the highly intelligent, sparkling chronicler of the Milanese social world, which is decidedly different from Rome's café society. In contrast to the Roman, this Milanese world is much more wealthy, much more closed, much more Middle European, and much less enamored of restaurants and nightclubs. Here, latter-day descendants of great Renaissance families and great early nineteenth-century industrial dynasties mingle with the *nouveaux riches* who have amassed the most enormous fortunes in recent Italian history. Many of the big newspapers, book publishers, architecture and design firms, and advertising and public-relations offices for the country's major business concerns have their headquarters in Milan.

Discreetly living with her *mamma* (a very elderly and no less witty lady) in an eighteenth-century apartment in Milan, Camilla Cederna has constantly, smilingly shared in the ceremonies, celebrations, and secrets of family and bedchamber of the cream of a city that possesses a fairly robust and formidable social hierarchy; and with seemingly amused irony she has reported on them in her articles and columns in the radical-chic weeklies —first *L'Europeo* and, since 1965, *L'Espresso*. But she has never forgotten that she belongs to a typical Risorgimento Lombard family that by tradition is patriotic and enlightened. And so, in addition to her society reportage that has made her famous, from time to time there have appeared, under the signature of Camilla Cederna, exemplary political analyses, e.g., of the Demo-Christian parliamentary group or the regime of the Greek colonels.

Camilla Cederna's major undertaking in 1971, however, is like the campaigns waged in so many American films of the 'forties about liberal journalists who remained the only persons in town still convinced that a particular accused man unjustly held in prison was innocent and who battled the entire police apparatus and a hostile community in order to obtain proofs of the man's innocence.

Camilla Cederna took up the cudgels in connection with the most dreadful court case in recent Italian history: the judicial inquiry into the tragic bombing that killed a number of people in a Milan bank in December, 1969, during the most bitter phase of that year's big strikes and the most delicate stage of negotiations between unions and management. The Italian power structure is still concealing the facts of that terrifying episode.

Nonetheless, every fact and scrap of circumstantial evidence —including a series of absurd decisions on the part of both court and police and the mysterious deaths of at least twelve witnesses during the intervening months —point to the origin of the bombs. They came from the most Fascistic, terroristic, lunatic fringe on the Right, whose interest would be served if some immense collective panic could be provoked, thereby upsetting the negotiations, which were being carried on with an equal sense of responsibility by the major industries and by the unions.

Within a few hours of the killings, however, the police decided that the blame was to be placed on the most anachronistic, picturesque, defenseless (not to mention also the most pacifist) little group from among all the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary leftist parties—the anarchists. Several men were promptly arrested on the basis of "evi-

(Continued on page 58)

Amino-Pon "K-11". The shampoo that treats your hair like it's human.



That's because it is. A fact that your grandmother didn't know when she went to all sorts of trouble to catch rainwater in a barrel and use lemon juice or vinegar to rinse out all that soap in order to leave her hair shiny.

She didn't know it, but she was using science to keep her hair as healthy and lustrous as possible. And keeping the natural chemical balance of her hair.

The shampoos that a lot of women use are no less harmful than the soap grandmother used. That's because they are, like soap, incompatible with your hair. They are primarily alkaline. When hair is primarily acidic.

That's why Redken Laboratories developed Amino-Pon "K-11" Shampoo. Like your hair, it contains protein. And it is compatible with the natural state of your hair. It is acid balanced at a pH of 4.7. (Scientists use the convenient pH scale of 0-14 to determine acidity or alkalinity. 0 being extreme acidity and 14 being extreme alkalinity.)

Amino-Pon's 4.7 pH maintains the perfect "acid mantle" for your hair—the state in which it is smoothest, the cuticle tight and the scalp protected from irritation and infection. Overly alkaline shampoos, however, do just the opposite and can swell the hair, reducing sheen, making it unmanageable.

In fact, women who use Amino-Pon "K-11" find that they've had to change a few attitudes about washing their hair. Because of the organic protein, acid-balanced formulation, it's not that messy job with soap billowing all over the bathroom, including into your eyes. And the second washing may be left in for additional body and sheen (a feature exclusive to Amino-Pon "K-11" Shampoo).

Amino-Pon "K-11" Shampoo is only available through your hair stylist. Redken believes that the science of beauty should be dispensed by specialists. Well-trained hair stylists in whose professional hands products such as bleach, straighteners, or permanent waves belong.

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ITALIAN LETTER

(Continued from page 56)

dence" that was soon shown to be unreliable, while their alibis were disregarded. The trial of the chief man among those accused, Pietro Valpreda, is continually postponed. Another of the accused, Giuseppe Pinelli, fell from a window in the Milan police headquarters a few hours after he had been arrested. At first, police officials spoke of suicide; then they switched to other versions, all of which were incompatible with the fact that lesions were discovered on the corpse (from karate blows) and with the fact that the ambulance had been called *before* the time of Pinelli's alleged suicide.

Camilla Cederna's indefatigable reportage took off from that point. This elegant woman turned into a tireless sleuth; she questioned witnesses, police officials, and lawyers by the dozens and assembled a sensational dossier in the form of an anti-police thriller. In a two-year series of articles, Camilla Cederna singlehandedly kept nationwide interest alive in this frightful Italian-style Dreyfus case, which a great many people would like to shelve and forget. Now, with the publication of her book, called simply *Pinelli*, she has achieved the improbable: against every obstacle raised by a conservative court, the case has been reopened, the corpse exhumed and reexamined, and proceedings have been instituted against police officials.

The second writer, Luisa Spagnoli, on the other hand, belongs to the industrial dynasties of Perugia, which produce the famous Buitoni and Perugina foodstuffs and candies as well as the knitwear sold throughout the world under the trade name of—precisely—Luisa Spagnoli (who was her grandmother). She is a tall girl, delicate and amiable, also decisive and able in the public-relations activities of her important firm; she is, furthermore, an astute and passionate collector of contemporary art. The walls of her immense, ultramodern apartment in Rome are covered with works by Italian artists, whose works she has usually bought with confident taste upon their first appearance. They form an intelligent and elegant background for the huge and hugely agreeable dinners Luisa Spagnoli untiringly organizes. It came as a great surprise, therefore, to learn that during the last few years this inexhaustible hostess and party girl had been secretly at work on a biography of Giorgio de Chirico; her delectable book has just come out.

The celebrated painter is a mysterious public figure, who is discussed at least as much as are the disturbing figures in his metaphysical and Surrealist canvases. De Chirico has always played fast and loose with the truth about himself. From the moment he knew Luisa Spagnoli planned to write a biography of him, the painter regularly sought to mislead her. With feigned inadvertence, he supplied her with a quantity of false information. But she, with a show of no less simulated heedlessness, spent innumerable mornings with him at the Caffé Greco, among the ranks of the painter's elderly lady admirers (whom the Master pokes fun at), not to mention the countless evenings in front of the television, while they watched together the popular music programs the Master dotes on. Obviously, she also interviewed several of De Chirico's old friends and enemies, the surviving witnesses of his various "periods," among them his first wife, a Russian archeologist now living in Ostia. What has resulted is like the soft purring of two big, bellicose, narcissistic Persian cats as they rub against each other: a "talking portrait" that is entirely impertinent and unforgettable.

Curiously enough, behind the backs of the police, Luisa Spagnoli also turned detective to find out, from the Master's vantage point, how the mechanism of denouncing a "forged" De Chirico painting works. She discovered that in the Rome police headquarters there exists an office dedicated exclusively to this assignment; the Master visits it frequently, goes into ecstasies over the photographs of the criminals, and promises the Commissioner to bequeath him a few paintings.

Almost every day, in fact, someone turns up at the De Chirico residence with a painting to be authenticated. There is an instant glance from the Master to his wife, Isabella, which signifies: "forgery." The Signora slips quietly away to phone the police, while the Master entertains the callers until the cops arrive, humming, "I like Gide, I like Claudel, but I prefer crème caramel." ▼

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

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VOGUE TRAVEL

In Florida,

the big racetrack switch at Hialeah

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

For the first time since Miami's great Hialeah race course opened forty-seven years ago, it has switched dates. The track season that arose in January as consistently as the Florida sun runs now from March 3 to April 29.

Every day, the swirls and sights of the track are as certain as the sudden fly-up of flamingoes from the lagoon's island at the sixth race. It's a toss-up who has the best time at Hialeah, the innocent newcomer or the old hands and track authorities.

One fascinating way to become involved is to get to the track for breakfast and watch the morning workouts from seven to ten (except Sundays). In the clubhouse, under racing silks and jockey caps—some dusty and faded—betting windows look like theater box offices, a glass case holds eighty-two shiny horseshoes —only a bit bigger than arm bracelets—worn by some of the best horses of each year.

Sitting outside in the morning sun, visitors watch and listen to a fast commentary by Lucas, one of the riders in red coats who lead the horses to the starting gate. He describes the jockeys, the horses, explains the timed workouts, and points out the exercise riders. Easy to spot, even for novices, are the devil-red bridles and bandages on the ankles of the Thoroughbreds from Calumet Farm.

Smelling of hay and leather, the stable area, called the "backside," where over thirteen hundred racehorses winter in yellow barns, is spellbinding. Thoroughbreds' faces peer out of the stalls, grooms sit on wicker chairs under red-striped awnings. Dogs nose around. Tack rooms often have packing trunks marked with the stables' racing colors, or a live-in mascot—perhaps a white pigeon.

Until this season, the bougainvillaea on the grandstand exploded with flowers for opening day. Now, Hialeah regulars are hoping it will on this year's new date. Certainly, one famous opening-day flower will bloom: a spring fashion show, a perennial from the Florida department store Burdine's.

Regulars at Hialeah reserve boxes with turquoise chairs or seats in the clubhouse. The unreserved seats are claimed, ad lib, by people who tag them with their scarves. Stake days draw the biggest crowds. People lunching at the track in time for the first race at one o'clock book tables in advance. The open-air terrace restaurant overlooks the finish line, the superb course, and the lagoon. The main dining room, trellised in pink, is air-conditioned. Corned beef is famous; Eggs Benedict, a Saturday specialty; and grilled hot dogs sold at the stands are excellent. People who like the sun stand near the rails; others sit in the paddock at tables under umbrellas, and can watch the goings-on by closed-circuit television sets.

At the Hialeah Park Sales Pavilion, where the staff wears black-tie, the well-known horse sales firm Fasig-Tipton this March will put on the block Thoroughbreds from the estate of George D. Widener, one of America's oldest racing stables. At seven-thirty in the evening of March 6 and 7, fifteen two-year-olds will go under the hammer; on March 10, at ten in the morning, fourteen three-year-olds and older. Buyers will converge from all over America and Europe. Rough-guessing, the total sales will be over a million dollars.

When two-year-olds arrive for sale at Hialeah, Fasig-Tipton arranges for the tattooing of an identifying number under the horses' upper lips. Other important identifications are the night-eyes, the raised calluses inside the horse's front legs—unique as fingerprints.

A sure win: a round-trip ticket on Eastern Air Lines from almost anywhere across the country can be presented at a new Eastern Air Lines gate at Hialeah where it serves as a pass to the Clubhouse. Instead of $4 admission, visitors pay 60c tax; you're a winner before post time. ▼

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VOGUE TRAVEL

Along the Rhine, by boat,

a magic passage through the centuries

BY DALE McCONATHY

The Rhine has kept its magic, a Wagnerian river in a strangely beautiful landscape, as roaring, twisting, grandiosely treacherous as ever. The Rhine is a volcanic caprice whose craggy shores form a shadow frontier between Roman civilization and Celtic madness. Silted with legend and the startled rapturous responses of travelers who, like Byron, come to moon over its ruined castles and fortresses, the Rhine remains one of the world's last sights that must be seen.

Lufthansa's flight service to the Rhineland is remarkably calm and efficient. You can comfortably leave for a different German city each morning and have time to sight-see, theater, and eat gloriously without the pain of clock-watching. The merchant cities Hamburg and Hanover provide a great prelude to the Rhineland. Hamburg has a magnificent opera company worth stopping for.

Düsseldorf is perhaps the best Rhine starting point, a mix of the old and new Germany. The Altstadt is rather archly medieval, filled with beer taverns and American bars. Because of its many galleries, some call Düsseldorf "the new art capital of Europe," but its chief importance comes from the factories spreading down both banks of the Rhine toward Cologne. Düsseldorf has an excellent hotel, the Breidenbacher Hof, filled with antiques and enormous comfort. A great place to eat is the *Brauerei* "Zum Schiffchen."

Germans, who are as obsessed with ecology as Americans, aren't pleased to have tourists drifting past the smokestacks between Düsseldorf and Cologne. The voyage is, however, a charming one—the boat filled with family outings, concertinas pumping out polkas. Leaving at 7:30 A.M., the boat arrives in Cologne for lunch.

The industrial parks beside the river are spectacular with painted smokestacks, twisted piping, colored smoke that drifts in the breeze. Bernhard and Hilla Becher have taken some fascinating photographs of the factory "sculptures," *Anonyme Skulpturen: A Typology of Technical Constructions,* Wittenborn.

At Cologne, most of the ship's crowd stays on board for the castles and fortresses that lie further on. Ask ahead for a porter from your hotel to collect your baggage, since taxis are far from the dock. In Cologne, the inevitable hotel is the Excelsior Hotel Ernst on the Domplatz opposite the heavy but extraordinary Gothic cathedral, which has a fine Roman mosaic beside it.

Colonia was a frontier outpost of the Romans. Today, Cologne is one of the most remarkable of German cities with some highly eccentric Romanesque churches with steeples whose roofs seem to defy the principles of construction. It pays to search out these gems. Also remarkable in Cologne is the electronic music studio where Karlheinz Stockhausen and other young composers record and broadcast their latest compositions.

Below Cologne the ruins of the medieval castles and fortresses are crowded onto the steep, wild banks of the river, only somewhat tamed by the vineyards. In summer, the river is full of sight-seeing boats, loudspeakers announcing the rock where the Lorelei sang. The most interesting tours, usually booked in Germany by the hotel, are by boat and bus, stopping at the wineries. When the peaches are ripe, the vintners crush them into a peach cup made with Rhine wine that seems to bloom with sunlight.

Mainz, over two thousand years old, once the capital of the Rhineland-Palatinate, ends the Rhine journey. Much of the old city was lost in the Second World War, but the section around the ponderous Romanesque cathedral where Johann Gutenberg worked has been vividly restored. Looking out over the confluence of the Main and the Rhine is the Mainz Hilton, superbly comfortable in an American way. ▼

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VOGUE HEALTH

Why you can't sleep: THE MATCHBOOK DIET; SEE-THROUGH SHEETS; HOT MILK NEWS; OTHER MEDICAL FINDS

BY MELVA WEBER

Masked problems annoying to your psyche could be the basic cause of sleeplessness. Dr. Anthony Kales and Dr. Gene Cary, who have been applying all sorts of scientific tests to insomniacs for years now, have found that among two hundred of these sleepless patients, 85 percent have some psychological disturbance. People who can't sleep, they found, often resist approaching the problem in psychological terms. These people look for physical causes for wakefulness and may fail to mention the stresses in their lives (or may even be unaware of them) when they talk to their physicians about sleep. The doctors' tests showed that non-sleepers are inclined to change their sleeping medicines without medical advice—or even against it. Dr. Kale and Dr. Cary agree that anyone with a severe sleep problem should seek psychiatric help and let the doctor supervise any sleeping pills.

On the operating table: a clear view. Transparent plastic draperies are new coverings for surgical patients. Dr. Robert N. Reynolds of New England Medical Center's Boston Floating Hospital explained the medical reasons this way: with full-view wrappings for the patient, the surgeon and anesthetist can check skin color and breathing rate at a glance, tell whether you are really turning blue or just reflecting the color from the grim blue or green sheets and gowns that replaced white in medical style. The operating-room team can also make sure that all those medical lifelines—catheters, intravenous and endotracheal tubes—are in place and working well. Won't plastic sheets feel hot under the bright lights? No; they've been tested.

A good mother may be the best doctor, and 90 percent of the medicine in this country is already being practiced by mothers: these are the conclusions of Dr. Jay M. Arena, a professor of community health at Duke University whose special concern is child safety. Dr. Arena has written a big, wise book—Dangers to Children and Youth (Moore Publishing Co.)—to provide medical knowledge for mothers. He tells how to prevent accidents and sickness and how to deal with them when they happen anyway. Definitely with-it, Dr. Arena includes what to tell your children about water-skiing and scuba-diving, how to help when they've been tear-gassed. For mothers of young omnivores, he offers this consolation: your child may safely eat two books of matches without danger of potassium-chlorate poisoning—but he really should stop there.

Good news for milk haters: it's really possible for some people to drink too much. Once babyhood is past, it seems that many people's bodies produce less of the digestive enzyme called lactase, which they need to digest the milk carbohydrate called lactose. Undigested lactose may ferment in the lower intestine, setting off gas pains and diarrhea. Baltimore doctors Theodore M. Bayless and David M. Paige, who are professors at Johns Hopkins University, have found that low lactase levels—producing bad reactions to milk—are more common among people whose ancestors were American Indian, African, or Asian and among Israelis and Greek Cypriots. If yours is a sunny background, you may need to take milk easy—in shorter drinks or combined with other foods.

Do not run for the tetanus shot whenever your child gets a cut or a scratch. Children who have had good routine immunization for tetanus don't need boosters as often as we once thought. The Committee on Infectious Diseases of the American Academy of Pediatrics gives this advice: If the cut is a clean and minor one, no booster should be given unless the last tetanus inoculation was more than ten years ago. If the wound is dirty or contaminated, the time span shifts to five years. Of course you'll give the hurt an antiseptic cleansing—to scare off any other infection.

Health-food admirers: define your terms. Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, chief of the nutrition department of the Harvard School of Public Health and a careful man with words, told Commissioner Bess Myerson's Consumer Affairs Department in New York City that *all* food is "natural," "organic," and "healthful." All foods are made from the products of nature, which makes them natural; any plant or animal used as food is organic, not a mineral; and any food can promote health, if it is part of a balanced diet. But language does change—in spite of Dr. Stare and other purists—and today's usage often gives these words extra meanings, usually adding up to this: "organic" food is food raised or grown without using manufactured chemical feeds, fertilizers, or pesticides and prepared for eating with no manufactured substances—such as preservatives—added.

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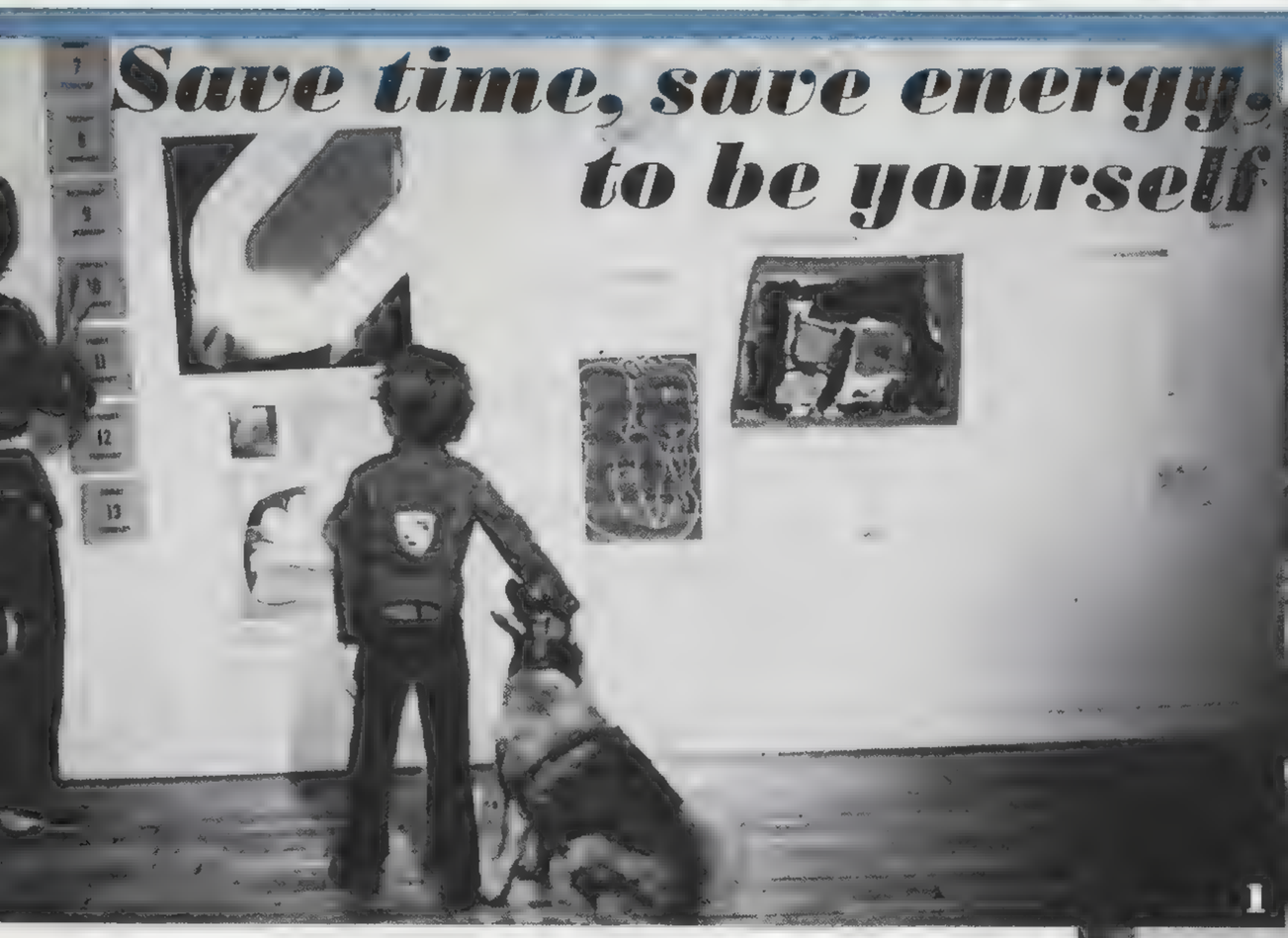
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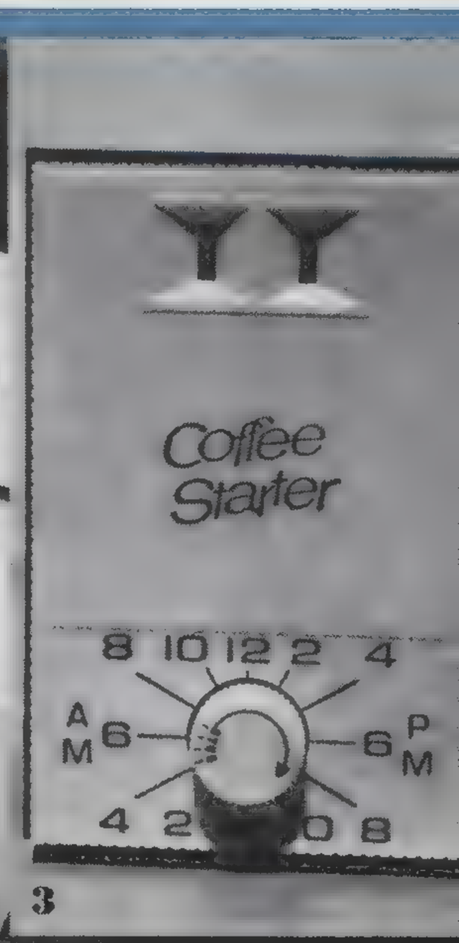
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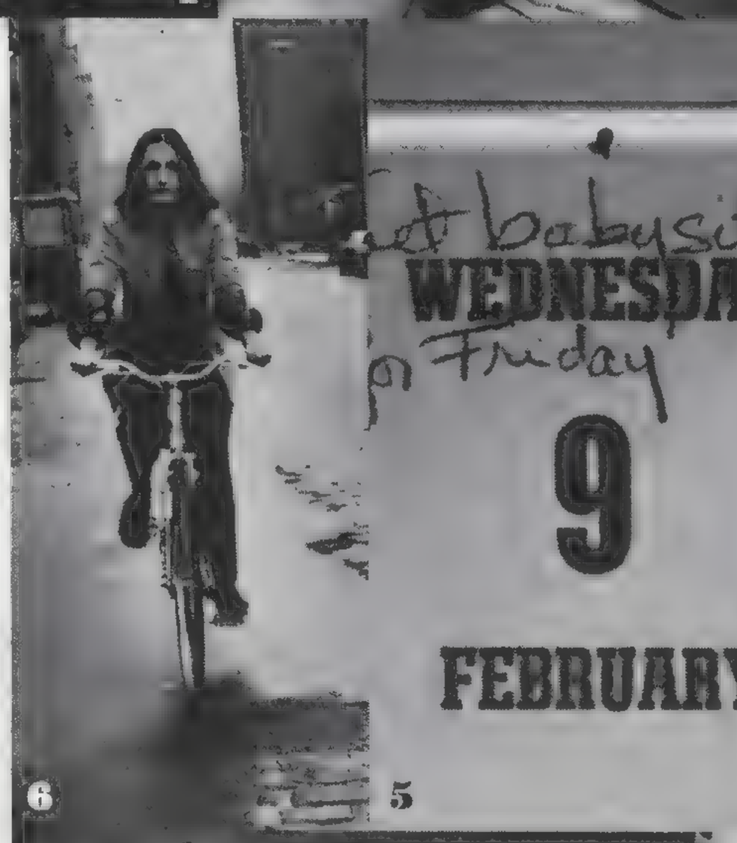
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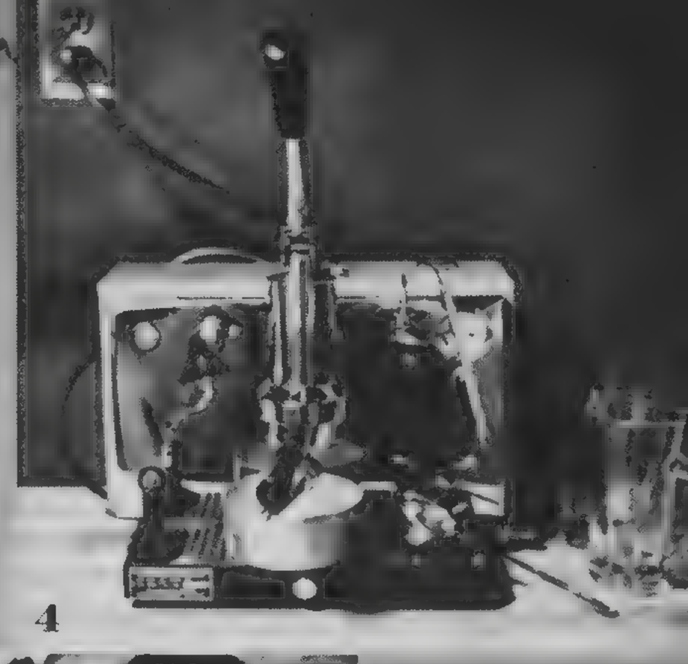
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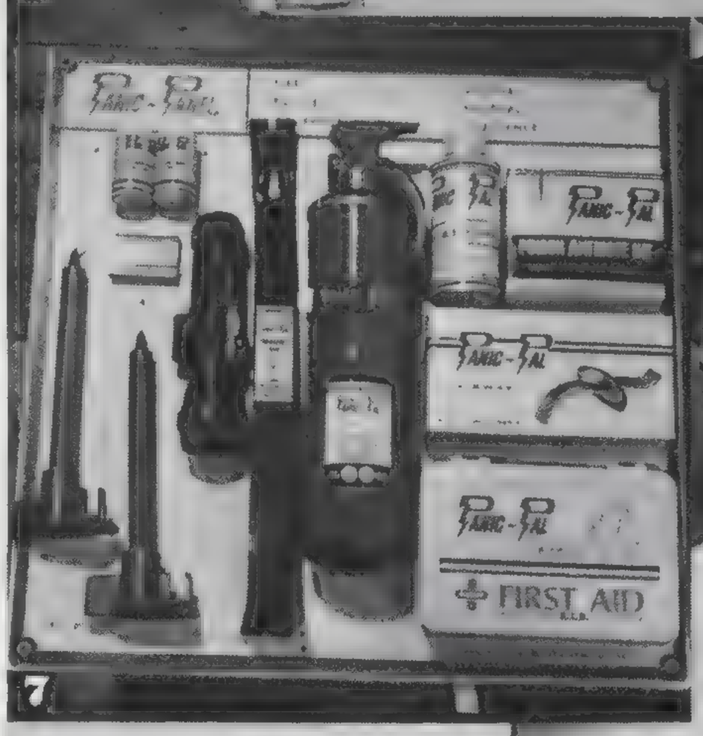
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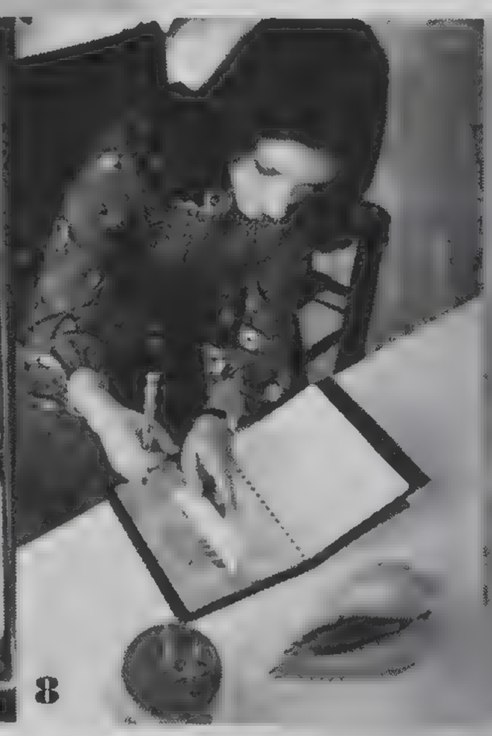
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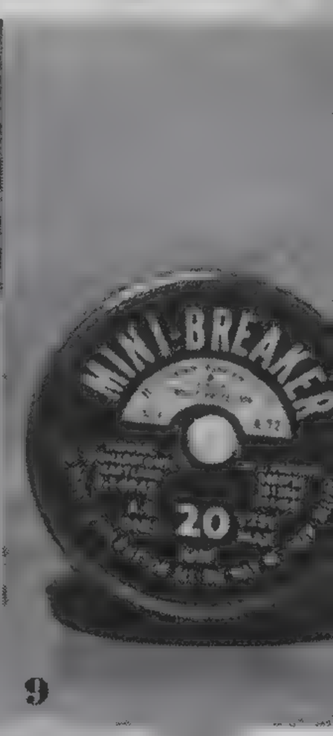
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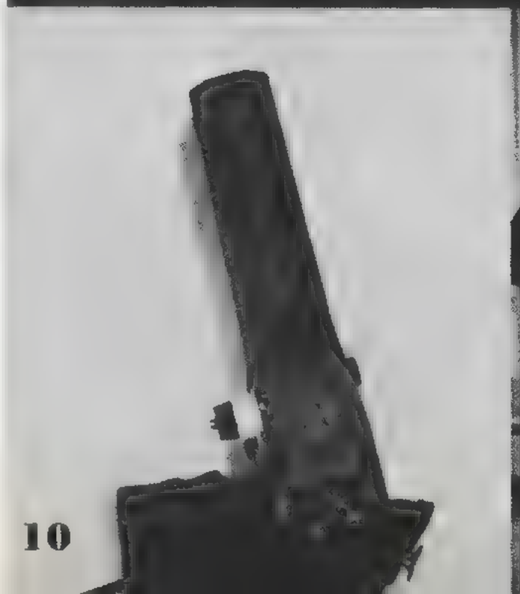
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Dynamic young journalist Alexandra Penney, her husband Rick, an industrial designer, seven-year-old son John, and elkhound Pookabee enjoy a unique life-style, commute by laden Porsche from a midtown apartment to a vast lower Manhattan loft, their *country house*. It's a dashing life organized for effortlessness with ideas such as those shown here. **1. *Reminders for a week*** are thumbtacked on a white bulletin board wall; invitations, clippings, John's art work, a row of daily calendar sheets used to jot down schedules and notes. See 5 for close-up. **2. *A magic telephone*** lets Rick talk business with up to five people at once, or plug in a tape recorder for phoned-in dictation. Synchro-Com attaches to any phone, $69.95. Busy Dialer, not shown, rings busy numbers, beeps when the call gets through. $200. Both, R.S.G. Electronics, 527 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. **3. *Say when for hot coffee:*** Plug the coffee pot into Coffee Starter, set the timer, and have fresh, hot brew in the morning. $7.95, Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. **4. *Real espresso in a minute,*** a luxury for espresso lovers. La Romana, an Italian machine, is so quick John loves to work it. $495, Cofabra, 24 E. 81st St., N.Y.C. **5. *Write and tell:*** Close-up of one paper-bag-brown calendar sheet. The year, padded, $10. The 81st St. Beadworks, 2255 Broadway, N.Y.C. **6. *You can park at Bendel's:*** The Penneys ride their white Peugeot French racing bikes for rapid transit, exercise, fun, strap carryalls behind. Light to lift, they stand like sculpture in the loft. $159 at Gene's 77th St. Discount Bicycle, 300 E. 77th St., N.Y.C. **7. *Panic Panel*** holds fire extinguisher, first-aid kit, poison-antidote kit, flashlight, candles, boxed matches, emergency bar, etc. $29.95, Hammacher Schlemmer. **8. *It's in the book:*** The go-with-you Hermès black leather notebook organizes addresses, phone numbers, appointments, notes. $50, Bonwit Teller. A pottery shell, $14, holds bamboo pens, $2.50 ea., Ffolio, 888 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. **9. *Forever Fuse:*** The Mini Breaker, 15, 20, or 25 amps. Three for $5.95, Hammacher Schlemmer. **10. *Instant sewing*** with a hand-held Mini Sewing Machine is fun. Encased in plastic, it plugs in or operates on a battery. $11.95. Brother-Bicor, 680 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **11. *Folding fin-based table,*** of Lucite. Two-part base may be used with other tops; this, 32″ x 60″. $500, Hammacher Schlemmer. Alexandra and John store it in one of the closets reorganized by Ellen Michaux who spends one day studying your life, then installs inexpensive fixtures. No architectural changes, but it changes your life. Write her: 140 Prospect St., Providence, R.I.

JILL KREMENTZ

Lorraine loves luv-match blue close to you.



Lorraine's sleeping beauties make the Dream Scene come alive. White Venise lace beaded with satin ribbon on loungeweight nylon tricot. Wedgewood, mint, or bonny pink. Shown: short gown 7.00, short robe 12.00, long robe 14.00, baby doll 8.00, scuffs 4.00. Matching styles also available. At fine stores everywhere or write O'Bryan Brothers, Inc., 4220 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60641.

LORRAINE®


N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

What they're wearing



1. NEW YORK: Actress ***Genevieve Gilles looks smashing*** in her new soignée-sexy way of dressing for evening—her reddish chestnut hair elegant, smooth, back in a low chignon—her spectacular figure emphasized by Saint Laurent's short "tarty" black crêpe cocktail dress. . . . Watch for those little black cocktail dresses to come back into our life. . . .

2. PARIS: ***Loulou de la Falaise has always been one of the more original dressers***—putting bits and pieces together with wit, color, and sometimes, inspired madness. Now, since she's moved to Paris, Loulou's gone quite classic—but of course with style and flair. A typical day look—brown-and-green tartan trousers, a forest-green cashmere sweater, brown tweed topper . . . and a dash of scarf. . . .



EVERYWHERE: The provocative personality, ***Donna Jordan, never goes anywhere without her gloves***—brilliant red shiny matte jersey, eight-button length, crushed down to her elegant wrists, Donna found them in a boutique in Milan. She wears them with everything. . . .

NEW YORK: ***Liza Minnelli and Kitty Hawks*** are sweater girls. Two of the youngest ever to be named to the International Best Dressed List, they show up at Halston's luxurious East 68th Street salon wearing Shetland sweaters and blue jeans—of course, they couldn't look better in this "uniform"—and at night they put on the stuff and step out high. . . .



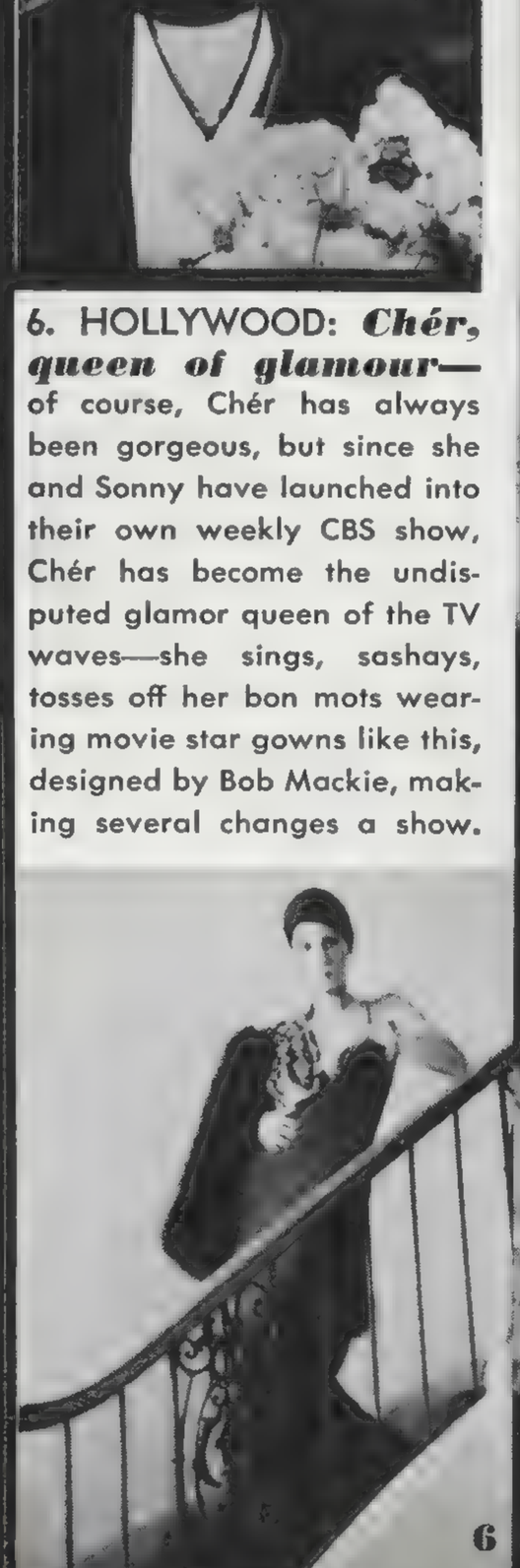
3. NEW YORK: ***Lally Weymouth dares to.*** Lally doesn't think of herself as a derring do—but she is. Take the business of her hair. It used to be long and straight until one day Kenneth cut it, permanented it. Now Lally's got the fullest, curliest head in town. "I'd never have done it on my own," Lally demurs, "and no one likes it, but I love it." And Lally, though she's a sweater-and-pants girl by day, at night dares to wear the daringest, barest-back dresses in town (like this one designed by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloë). . . .

BERRY BERENSON BILL CUNNINGHAM
NEAL BRISKER

CARACAS, NEW YORK, ROME, PARIS: ***Carolina Herrera is a chameleon.*** Remember this photo, 4, that was in the February 15 issue of Vogue of Carolina—with her beautiful rolled coiffure and her sensational black-and-white crêpe Walter Albini pyjamas? Well now look at Carolina, 5, the way she appeared the very next night—equally beautiful, alluring—yet totally different, her hair a small curly thing, her white satin dress and feathers rather saucy sexy. Carolina does this delicious sort of thing all the time. . . .



6. HOLLYWOOD: ***Chér, queen of glamour***—of course, Chér has always been gorgeous, but since she and Sonny have launched into their own weekly CBS show, Chér has become the undisputed glamor queen of the TV waves—she sings, sashays, tosses off her bon mots wearing movie star gowns like this, designed by Bob Mackie, making several changes a show.





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VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

Halston hops downstairs

Huzzah! Now that Halston's moved his business to the ground floor of 68th Street and Madison Avenue, all the Halston-ites can pour in, whatever their budget. If it's under $100, the first floor is the right place. Willing to go up to $500—climb the stairs to the second level. And if you take a deep breath and plunge, there's a private room behind the suède portière, for things made-to-order. (And once inside you mustn't think about the price). . . .



AUJARD ARRIVES HERE.



Four years ago, who knew the name Christian Aujard? Not many folks this side of the ocean, for sure. But now the snappy sportswear Christian manufactures—and his pretty wife, Michèle designs—in France, is bought by lots of big stores here (left, his blazer suit, $165 at Bonwit Teller). The Faremenous boutique, 221 East 60th Street, is full of Aujard.

Foreign Ports Report:

Rome: Vogue's correspondent Consuelo Crespi reports: "The short cocktail dress is definitely coming back—as we all wear pants during the day we like a change in the evening. . . . Also the long slinky charmeuse bias-cut slip-dress, like those seen on *Twiggy* in *The Boyfriend,* is returning big and strong (photographs of Twiggy are published in all the Italian newspapers). . . . I want to tell you what kinds of furs the Italian girls are wearing: The chic girls are buying either chubby jackets or capes—all lengths. Nobody of course would go out and get a midi coat today. *Audrey Hepburn Dotti* and *Marella Agnelli* had their fur coats lengthened from midi to the ground for evening. . . .

THE SCHOOL REPORT:

Here, in toto, an interesting observation on prep school dressing entitled "Fashion Note" signed by Zuleika Dobson. It appeared in a recent copy of the "Milton Bi-Weekly," the school newspaper of Milton Academy, Milton, Massachusetts. . . . "It has come to my attention that a new conservative trend has hit the upper three classes of the girls' school. Skirts are being worn. And blouses. And dresses. Hair is washed and combed. The look is neat, even preppy.

"Being a tireless observer of the always fascinating, ever-fluctuating MAGUS Mode, I would like to offer some speculations as to the psychological impulses behind this new style. In my opinion, it is largely reactionary. A closer look at the girls' school will reveal that it is only the OLDER girls who are well-dressed and well-groomed. The girls in the lower classes have advanced (or regressed) to the Jr. Freak look which their elders sported last year. The older girls, who are accustomed to looking down on the lower classes, and considering anything they do immature, must find some way to disassociate themselves from them. Last year, when the younger girls were into what could roughly be termed the "teeny-bop" style, the older girls distinguished themselves by an elaborate disconcern for neatness. The lower classes have now imitated them, and leave them nowhere to go but back to skirts and blouses.

"It will be interesting to see whether this theory is correct. If it is, then the dress-style of the senior class may alternate hippy-preppy-hippy-preppy every year, as the younger girls imitate and the older girls change.

"Has the administration ever considered uniforms?"

What's coming

Look, right, slipping through the fashion door now, the short bare evening dress. This prophetic short saucy ruffled dress of jade-green taffeta. $190. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N. Y.; Sakowitz; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. . . .




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VOGUE BOUTIQUE

LONDON: BIBA'S WHITES —SUPER ON SUE BALOO



Now look at Sue Baloo, the model all London loves—isn't she adorable—her dazzling white blond prettiness perfection—in Biba's new duds? Everything is made in a shade of white because Biba believes white is right to wear now.

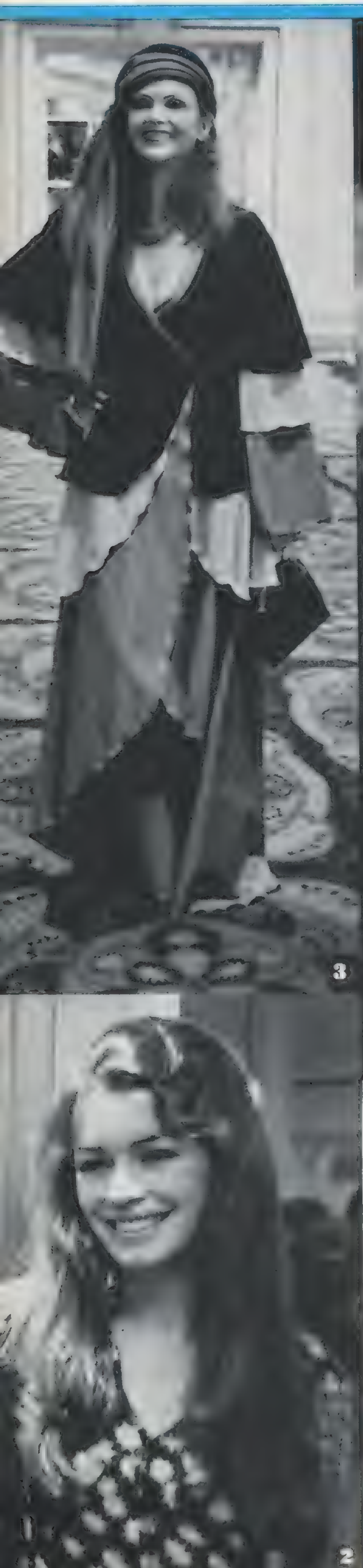
1. The gorilla coat (made of shaggy acrylic)—nice squared-off topper to toss over everything. $165.... **2.** It's no wonder folks in London are moonstruck over Sue, see how pretty she is in her white crêpe Biba turban. $10.... **3.** The blazer jacket nipped in at the waist, the pants flared wide. $105. (One touch of stark color contrast here—Biba thinks it looks good with a black satin shirt, a white satin tie.)... **4.** Cuddly cardigan of white feathers, $130—to wear with white crêpe culottes, slashed up each side. $38....Everything designed by Barbara Hulanicke for Biba, 124-126 Kensington High Street, London. Here, in Biba's boutique at Bergdorf Goodman....

KARL STOECKER

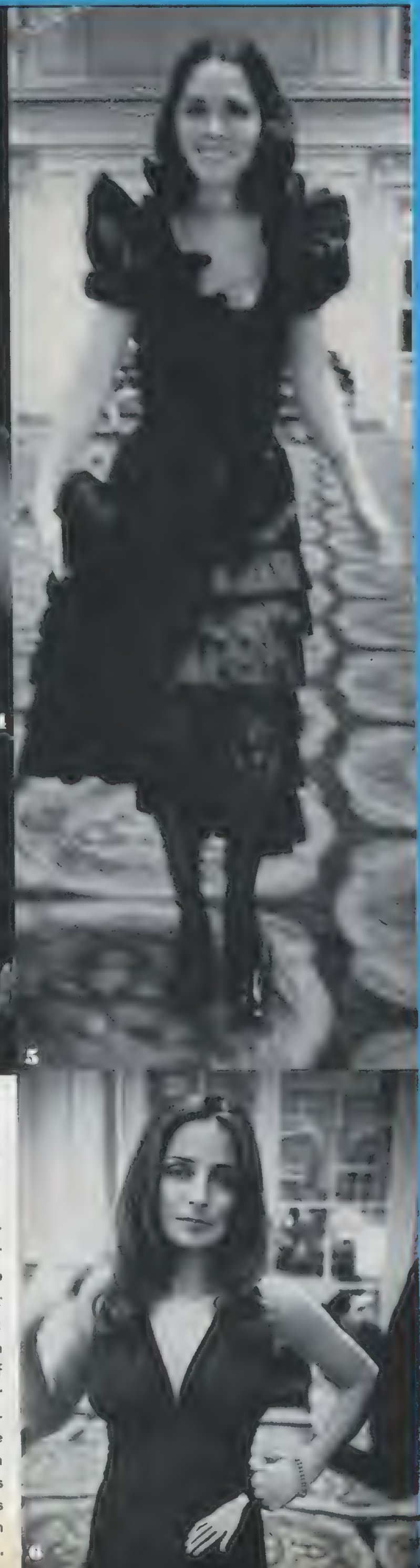
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4

VOGUE NOTEBOOK







Régine's pow opening with beauties en masse

Régine has the knack. Her songs, her electric personality, galvanize Paris nights and draw the prettiest girls in town to her nightclub, New Jimmy's, her restaurant, Regineskaia. . . . No surprise, then, that the real beauties in New York flocked to her opening in the Persian Room of the Plaza. Here, just a few: 1. Régine singing, flame red crêpe dress just a bit brighter than her henna-red hair. . . . 2. Astrid Heeren in a sexy, fitted dress of many prints by Ossie Clark. . . . 3. Toni Tucci in a brilliant flutter of scarlet, lacquer-yellow, and orange matte jersey, red headscarf; head-to-foot turnout by Stephen Burrows. . . . 4. Carole Mallory in the barest, most sinuous black crêpe, gold African tribal rings round her throat. . . . 5. Heather Bernard in delicious ruffled black taffeta bought at Macy's, a copy of the famous Paris original by Yves Saint Laurent. . . . 6. Danielle Thompson in décolleté black crêpe, a rhinestone hand placed on the hip. . . .

STEPHEN PALEY



Our Indian Wrap Trick: this season's great loungewear illusion. It makes every step you take a stirring experience. Because each leg is wearing its own wraparound skirt. The Indian print: our new Kashmiri, pure fireworks at midnight on effortless nylon Tricopaque.™ With midriff bolero. 8 to 16. About $35. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR

A company of VF corporation

LESLIE FAY



Today's Casual Mood... of sweater and skirt in a one piece dress. Here the navy tucked polyester knit top joins with a navy and multi color, gold predominating, plaid seersucker skirt of woven polyester and cotton. Sizes 6-18. About $42. For the store nearest you, write to Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

MARCH 1, 1972

Vogue's point of view:

Personal Style

The way you wear your hat,
the way you do your hair,
the way you tie
your tie...
that special distinctive, identifying
thing that some women have
to a spectacular degree and all women
are capable of achieving
to a greater degree: it's what we're
all about this issue. Personal Style.

Your style? Do you
like yourself in red?
In pants?
Do you love
the whole idea
of being sportsy,
casual, very turned out...
Then go with this Kimberly pants suit
—the jacket is a marvelous, clear,
poppy red, with a sleeveless white
turtleneck underneath; the pants,
black, white, and red Glen plaid.
As for the hat
and stock
—that's the twist
you give it
yourself. Personal Style.
...Kimberly turnout, of wool knitted
in America; about $135.
At Bonwit Teller;
Jordan Marsh, Boston;
Battelstein's;
Nordstrom Best.
Accessories, next to last page.

PENN



PERSONAL STYLE

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt

"The starker you are, the more you stand out ...inconspicuous is dowdy"

Out to the country, in to the city—Jean Vanderbilt divides the hours of her day pleasantly between the two. "I keep coming back into town. I don't *stay* in the country." In the morning, painting lessons in New York where she studies with Jane Wilson. Then back to her skylit studio—the attic of the Vanderbilts' large Georgian house on a hill overlooking Long Island Sound: here, she loves to spend long hours with her paints and brushes, books and records, two sons and daughter, husband and friends, Corgi and dachshund. Wearing shirt and pants or, if she's painting, "old beat-up smocks, no real clothes." Mrs. Vanderbilt sees herself "differently in different moods. Sometimes I want to be sculptured and severe. The starker you are, the more you stand out...inconspicuous is dowdy. But there are times I want to be party. It's just how I feel. Like the different facets of yourself. Or liking different people—you like all kinds. Your views about things change. You unconsciously get ideas from people, food, painting, whatever—you just absorb them." (Continued)

AVEDON

PERSONAL STYL

"now and then something violent

Instinctive to Mrs. Vanderbilt's pure, very exacting style is the one luscious contradiction, the on exception that proves every rule. "I don't lik tricky clothes. No clutter. I hate ruffles, but the once in a while I wear ruffles, so...." It's the wa she feels about color. "I wear neutral colors usually except now and then something violent, somethin exotic." Her great love is beige, "that whole whea field. And black and white; they're very stron colors, or no-colors—a sort of statement." If she ha a favorite *anything*, it would probably be a pair o pants, something to hack around in. Like thes claret-and-grey suède ones (right) from Heav Leather Steve's, which she wears with a ribb claret knit leotard "wherever I happen to be—i the country, in town...maybe lunch in town an the movies"—simply these, boots...and her twenty one-inch waist. (Continued on the next page



Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt

AVEDON

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt

PERSONAL STYLE



"I don't slosh things all over me"

Jean Vanderbilt knows herself well and what's not comfortable or interesting to her, she rules out firmly. "I don't ever wear real jewelry" (the earrings she has on at left are Saint Laurent's fake diamonds —"small, but not itty-bitty"). "I'm not apt to drown myself in accessories. I don't slosh things all over me....I don't do a thing about diet or exercise. I don't have to, at least not yet."...Colored lips and nails—"not for me." ("And she's absolutely right," said Pablo of Elizabeth Arden who did Mrs. Vanderbilt's makeup for all these photographs.)... What she *does* like is the kind of simple, classic white Jax shirt she's wearing opposite—for day, or at home for evening with thin black wool Halston pants and her tawny hair brushed loosely, as François of Kenneth has done it on these six pages. Going out, she might wear Halston's long black crêpe shirtdress or his haltered white crêpe seen here. Almost everything ends up being crêpe or jersey, "that's what I love. I move, it moves—second skin." She moves fantastically—"like a very fast animal," said Pablo, "like a whippet...ears back, and she goes."

AVEDON





Baronne Thierry van Zuylen

"The whole key—in clothes, in life—is contrast and variety...."

Blue-eyed with perfect, fresh-cream skin, "Gaby" van Zuylen is boiling with charm, electrically alive to the intellectual and artistic currents of our time. . . . A Paris-based fashion-thinker who knew instinctively that Ungaro was right for her, she was one of the first to dress from him. What she looks for are clothes she can put on at eight, not change until dinner. Clothes to suit a day that might include . . . walking with her four daughters and the dogs in the Bois de Boulogne, designing a garden for a friend, working with architects on plans for the van Zuylens' new apartment, or packing the car and driving out to their stud farm in Normandy. . . . For day, pants, turtlenecks—"they keep your throat warm"—and long scarves. For evening, Halston or Zandra Rhodes—"I don't want to find myself in the same room with four other women all wearing the same fiendishly expensive dress from the same designer." . . . . Half-Spanish, half-American, Gaby was just out of Radcliffe when she married the Baron and "very much a bluestocking: Brooks Brothers shirts, long hair . . . my mother-in-law, to make me more the thing, made me cut my hair, then said that actually it was better longer . . . I found my style when I stopped listening to other people. I have had only disasters—we both agree—when I have been influenced by my husband. I certainly am not influenced by my children—they hate the way I dress, think I look 'indecent'; if I wanted to please them, I would probably have to go around in an old gunny sack. . . . Decide for yourself, dress as you feel, and *enjoy it!* . . . I am conservative and adventurous—I've had the same hairdo for years, have had Mancini make the same shoe styles for me year after year. On the other hand, you could hardly call this Ungaro coat conservative. I did not buy it because it was new or amusing, but because it is beautiful, and I couldn't resist it. The whole key is variety. Get as much contrast as you can into your life. Who would want to go to a party every night, but, on the other hand, who would want never to go to a party? I love the country, but I think I would go mad if I had to stay there forever. . . . My husband has a very good definition of elegance—of course, he was speaking of horses—'elegance is the ability to exteriorize *classe,* inner value, like a truly great racehorse running at top speed who is able to accelerate and give the extra effort to pass other horses and win.'" . . .

Baronne Thierry van Zuylen, opposite, in black silk jersey from Halston, a rope of emeralds, pearls, diamonds. For day, Ungaro: white trousers over a crochet maillot and long-sleeved coat, and over that, a sleeveless greatcoat of Mongolian lamb. Her hair loose, easy . . . combed by Laurent.

ALEX CHATELAIN



Florinda Bolkan

"I'd rather wear well-cut jeans than expensive pants a half-inch too short."

Dark hair and mammoth dark eyes—a beauty who makes you think adjectives like smouldery, sultry, sizzling . . . sexy. She has a sensational, long-limbed, panther body—and a gliding, swaying walk that tangles traffic on the Via Condotti. She has two Yorkies, a new tawny Rolls-Royce, a house in Rio de Janeiro, where she was born, a flat in Sardinia. She's a movie star: "It took me a lot to be somebody and to be on the right track of life and business. Now it's difficult to keep the damn thing going but oh so stimulating!" It really began for her with *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion;* she's just finished *The Island,* with Omar Sharif, and is working with Kirk Douglas on *A Man To Be Respected.* For *Incontro,* now showing in Italy, she designed her own wardrobe: mostly shirtdresses and separates. With her success, a new self-assurance. She's all star glamour for public appearances, but likes to dress casually in private life—comfortable, well-cut clothes, nothing contrived, conventional, or pretentious. "I'd rather wear well-cut jeans than expensive pants a half-inch too short." She's a perfectionist—and completely aware of what suits her. She loves to prowl the boutiques for pants, silk shirts, marvelous coats—and sprees twice a year, averaging something like eight pairs of pants, as many shirts, and four or five sweaters. She's tall, never wears high-heeled shoes. She has a smashing collection of belts—most of which she wears slung low over pants—and a total indifference to jewels. "I love to dance all night, ride horseback in Rome. And ski-bobbing in the mountains, and running on the beach." After a particularly strenuous run on her energy, she will take three days to recharge: reading, listening to records, not seeing a soul. . . . She washes her hair every other day, and often, when she's rested and relaxed, wears no makeup at all. . . . She allows herself the luxury of doing exactly what she wants.

Florinda Bolkan, close-up at left; in typical gear, far left—turtleneck, pants, huge wrap of cape.

PIETRO PASCUTTINI





Lady Antonia Fraser

"I dress for the stranger across the crowded room"

Antonia Fraser, the author of *Mary, Queen of Scots* and wife of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P., lives in a pretty London house filled with books, flowers . . . and six children ranging from four to fourteen. Her day starts with coffee, papers, and the children. Then exercises and straight into the adjoining office to work until lunchtime. Lunchtime and the afternoon belong to children, husband, running the house and her own amusements. "I dress for Hugh, not other women. If he doesn't like a dress, I never wear it again. And, I dress for the stranger across a crowded room. I would like him to ask 'Who is that beautiful person?' " . . . Men do ask just that. "She happens to be the most romantic, sexy woman . . . wildly attractive because she is so alive to everything" says one. Antonia Fraser says of herself "I don't particularly want to look romantic during the day—just snappy. But in the evening I definitely dress to look pretty—not to look smart. I always know how I want to look, and it's different for different times. I never buy in advance, never plan. If it's a lovely day, I'll buy something pale—a white suit if it's sunny, a mauve one if it's less . . . I like white, I think, because so many men have told me they like white. One told me that wearing white was a sign that one wanted to be loved. . . . I like Saint Laurent clothes; they are advanced, like an arrow. Their materials can be worn at all times of day, in all climates. Their light wool is marvelous. I mean, if you were shipwrecked in Barbados you could still wear it. . . . I wouldn't be able to say why (a psychiatrist would) but I have a passion for jackets. I have always loved them, long before they were fashionable. . . . I wear no foundation or powder, go through fads of wearing a certain color on my eyes, or a red lipstick instead of pink. But I do listen to what my daughter says about my makeup because if one is busy, makeup is the easiest thing to get stultified in, and I think it's the most outmoded thing to be wearing the wrong makeup."

A romantic by night—Lady Antonia Fraser, left, *in her Saint Laurent hooded cape;* far left, *velvet blazer, white lace, plaid taffeta to the ankles.*

SNOWDON



Personal Style

WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT YOURSELF IN YOUR CLOTHES . . . AND HOW WELL YOU SAY IT

Little things. Like the way a woman walks—with a certain arrogance in her step, or a reticence, or a springiness that gives you the feeling she isn't really touching ground. Or the way one woman pulls out a bunch of curls under her hat—and another woman combs long straight bangs like a colt's. Or the way this woman puts a brown sweater over a classic shirt, and casually-carefully turns back the cuffs—and that one puts it over red leather pants, and ties a green ribbon around her throat. All these subtle differences and nuances that tell us how a woman sees herself and how she wishes to be seen—tailored, ruffly, kittenish, coltish. Whatever: consciously or un-, fashion is everybody's instant self-expression. Not clothes as clothes—basically, we've all got the same things in our closets, we're all in tops and skirts and pants—it's what you do with yourself in your clothes. How you move around in them and how you put them together, with what accessories and what makeup. And how well all this sits with your own private-screen image of yourself. If it doesn't, you will never be easy, and ease is the essence of style—it's what makes everything look as if it belonged. . . . Don't just accept yourself—go with yourself. If your mouth is full and pouty, make it the fullest, poutiest, most succulent red mouth. If your ears poke out a little, push your hair behind one and hang on a ruby. . . . In a spare-and-pared age, if you're not a spare-and-pared girl, don't try to be. But don't type-cast yourself out of the picture; go with clutter if you feel it—in a spare, pared way: unbutton a classic shirtdress to the waist and fill with masses of pearls. Go to dinner in simple black satin pants and tunic—with seven diamond pins, and your head wrapped in black and pinned with a diamond Duesenberg. . . . If you lean to the monochromatic, use color as a kicker: when you're all in grey, put a scarlet stocking with flannel trousers—a little flash and flirt on the ankle that really only shows when you're seated (half-hidden surprises are twice as enticing). . . . If diamonds are You, be yourself *all* the time—one diamond at your ear, with everyday skirts, pants, black pullover. . . . If narrow belts are not You, tie your husband's tie around your waist—and stick a fresh jonquil in it. . . . Never feel locked-in by fashion; there's always another way around—in Your Style.

The makeup, coifs, and wrapping of heads on these 20 pages—all, by Franklyn Welsh. This makeup—and the fashion with it—detailed on page 94.

STYLE is the way you hold your head . . . the lift of your chin and the stretch of your neck. . . . The ravishing young woman at left is Pola, one of four Vogue models who illustrate our point on these pages: you can put the whole world in the same kinds of clothes, and nobody is going to look like anybody else—personal style always comes through.

PENN

personal style... mix of patterns



THE FASHION ***Bill Blass's dress-and-jacket suit in navy-and-white silk dots and green daisies, in which a hundred women could see themselves . . . differently. With the blazer open, for instance, and the neck scarf that comes with it wrapped around the waist. With a pouffy beret and stock in another print. With a pearl on the stock . . . or an amulet on a chain under it . . . whatever you like. That's what makes it personal.***

THE BEAUTY TWIST
A squiggle of auburn curls pulled out of the beret . . . a bit of flirt on a brow that's usually bare, as Pola's is.

THE FASHION ***This year's kind of casual: more thought-out, turned out, precise—everything counts, even the way you pull apart your shirt collar and lay in the knot of your scarf. But never, never set-looking—give it a turn, a twist—if you've a round little kitten face, enormous round sunglasses are adorable . . . contrary to what you may have heard. . . . The mixed red and white, from Jaeger.***

THE BEAUTY TWIST

Nails count as an accessory—therefore, bright red here. And a bold red watch strap. And a narrower belt than you wore last year.



PENN

Opposite page: Suit (leatherbeltnotshown), of Verron silk. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. *This page:* Sweater of acrylic, about $18; cotton voile shirt, about $30; double-knit wool pants; about $40. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Sakowitz; May D & F; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.



THE FASHION *The seductiveness of being all curves and rounds . . . in a dress that clings and hugs and wraps around. . . . Diane von Fürstenberg's vibrant matte jersey with a deep V-plunge—the only straight line in sight.*

THE BEAUTY TWIST *When you're in vibrant color, keep your eye visible . . . vibrant. Here, blue, grey, and lavender layered like a pousse café, with a thread of tender green just under the eyebrow.*

personal style . . .
the cling of jersey at night

THE FASHION *All of a color . . . all of a soft, voluptuous peachiness. Pola in Scott Barrie's strapless jersey pyjamas . . . peach chiffon wound around her head, caught with a fluffy rose.*

THE BEAUTY TWIST *Don't break the spell . . . make a peach face . . . a peach eye . . . cheeks rouged high and rounded like the blush on a . . . peach.*

Opposite: Of rayon and silk, about $145. Available end of March at Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. *This page:* Of rayon matte jersey (JascoFabrics). About $105. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Makeup: Geminesse by Max Factor. Accessories, next to last page.

PENN



THE FASHION *With an absolutely unadorned black dress, have you the daring—the style—to let your head be the only adornment? As Pola's is—wrapped in white, with one white gardenia, one diamondy earring—and Cardinali's black crêpe de Chine.*

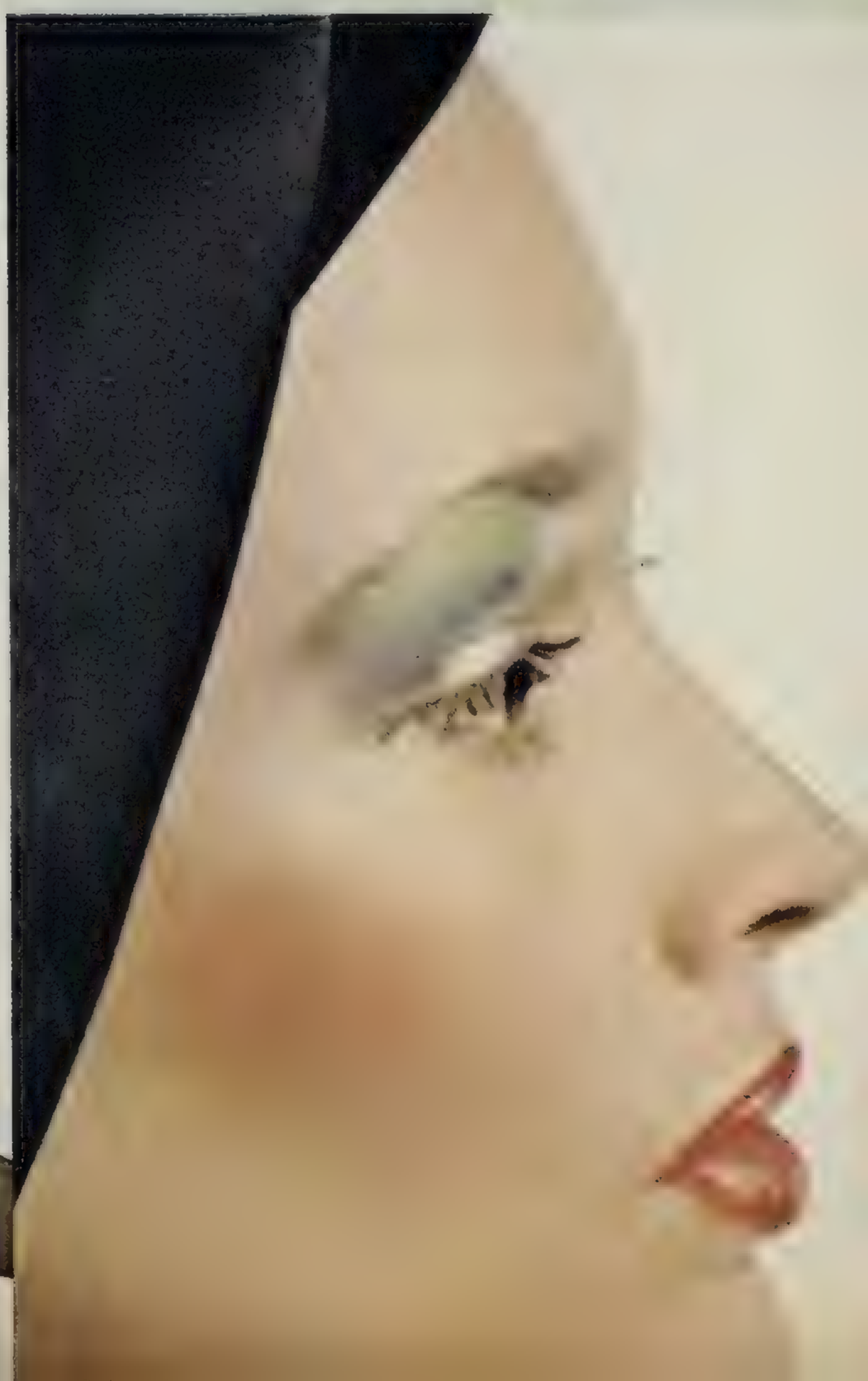
THE BEAUTY TWIST *The beige face—with white around it, it's a dazzler with black. . . . A dazzler with everything: the fan-shaped eye—mushroomy tones extended above the eyebrow; mother-of-pearl up the center like a beam of light, opening the eye at its widest point.*





THE FASHION *The leeway you get with a simple black shirt-leotard—and a little imagination. One woman's dinner-way: unbuttoned, with its own printed slit skirt from Mr. Dino . . . a stroke of rhinestones at one ear . . . giant black beret.*

THE BEAUTY TWIST *Don't lose your face. With black around it, color up. Everything bright, defined . . . on the eye . . . the cheek . . . ripe-cherry mouth.*



personal style... with black

THE FASHION ***In something really Dragon Lady-sinuous-slashy, like Jayna Modes black matte jersey, just go with the mood . . . sexy black stockings, shoes . . . stick a flower in the plunge.***

THE BEAUTY TWIST ***A totally voluptuous mouth. Yours? Do you have to be told? Go with it. Curve your rouge to it. Your hair. Accentuate the positive.***

Above left: Dress, about $495. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Montaldo's. . . . *Far left:* Shirt-leotard, about $28; skirt, about $48. Both, knit of Qiana nylon. Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. . . . *Right:* Dress of Jasco Fabrics rayon matte jersey, about $165. Elizabeth Arden Salon; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros. Both pages: hair and makeup: Franklyn Welsh. Lipstick: Yardley's Cherry Smash Lip Licks. Accessories, next to last page.

PENN

THE DRESS *for any woman who sees the deliciousness of being Kitty Foyle when everyone else at the party is in something bare: Bill Blass's navy georgette with navy satin ribbon at the throat, white collar, white cuffs held with white camellias worn as it would be in real life—differently, by different women...*

THIS WAY—*the way of rounded sexy-kitten types like Pola: with navy ribbon tied in fluffy hair with bangs...pearls at the ear, around the neck...a bunch of lilies of the valley...cuffs buttoned, tied with navy satin ribbons and bows...*

Dress, of Kabat silk; about $445. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gus Mayer; Swanson's. *This page:* Fashion Tress wig of Elura. Both coifs, Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page.

personal style...

one dress, two ways





OR, THIS WAY—*completely pared, linear, sleek—for someone who could be similarly described. The kind of woman who puts a couple of diamonds in her ears and makes it seem like a bonfire ...whom you don't expect to see with flowers at her wrists. So...here she is with red-and-white gardenias— Vivianne, this page, in The Dress.*

PENN

personal style... total polish



Right: Moreau linen; Rodier wool jersey. Turnout, at Evelyn Byrnes; I. Magnin....*Opposite:* Crêpe de Chine, of Fisher & Gentile fabric (Celanese acetate and Enka rayon); silk-and-wool top. About $345. Saks Fifth Avenue. Franklyn Welsh coifs, makeup. Clinique lipstick: A Different Apricot. Accessories, next to last page.

PENN

***THE LOOK** of fullness around the head with a long line of tailleur. Of a higher heel with wider, high-rise trousers. Of black wool jersey with a white linen jacket, chrome silk jersey stock shirt, green suède belt ...all contrasts and balance from Gustave Tassell, for a woman with the bone-chic line and flourish of a Vivianne, who wears it with a huge beret....A lot of pizzaz, but it takes an eye.*

THE LOOK *of a small wrapped head with a soft, full-sleeved line of shirt. The zing of a strong, vivid, boldly chiselled makeup with strong, vivid, boldly patterned fashion around it: Adolfo's crêpe de Chine stock shirt, skirt, and green crochet tank top—separates in the style of the woman who is never at sea in a sea of color. Or anywhere.*



THE FASHION ***The look of one color—melted strawberry ice cream all the way. And the little personal ways and means that make it work. A stock, with an enamel rose pinned on. A beret that looks as though the wind blew it against the head. The layering of sweater sleeves—Halston's cardigan and pull. Shirt cuffs showing. Cacharel pants.***

THE BEAUTY TWIST
For light colors, a light makeup—but a bright one. Do your rouge in a pink with real life to it. Juicy-strawberry mouth.

PENN



personal style . . .

pants-dressing



THE FASHION ***The swing of full, deeply cuffed trousers around the leg—if you have the length and ranginess of a Susan Forristal, this is not to be missed! . . . Cardinali's checked tailleur in green, white, and brown turned out with an oversized green beret, pulled down all around the face—soft, squashy, almost medieval.***

THE BEAUTY TWIST ***The brightest scarlet mouth for the whitest, most perfect teeth—no other color makes the point so vividly.***

Left: Cardigan, about $28; pull, about $18 (both of wool and acrylic), Halston International. Wool gabardine pants by Cacharel for Mallory, about $52. All at Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Dynel wig, by Halston for Abbott Tresses.

Right: Woolmark suit, silk crêpe shirt, Sora Fredericks; Claire Pearone. Lipstick: Dorothy Gray's Ming Red Chinese Lantern. Coifs and makeup, Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

personal style... with stock and jacket



THE FASHION *If we had to pick just one thing to illustrate personal style, we would take an elongated piece of silk, and on a girl with an elongated neck and an elongated torso, we would wrap it around and pull one end over the other and show you, at length... a Stock. Plain, printed, with a pin on it or beads under it, ends floating, belted—the point is: of all the little twists that make everybody's clothes one woman's look, this is it. Therefore... with a long, quilted shirt-jacket everybody's going to want—Mohanjeet's reversible cotton prints: a bias of chiffon print tied as a stock, on Susan Forrestal.*

THE BEAUTY TWIST *Hair with real line to it...bangs...the thing of tucking your hair behind one ear... wrapping your neck in...a stock.*

Jacket, of cotton, about $100. Bonwit Teller; Mohanjeet Aspen; Dorso, Beverly Hills. Coiffure and makeup by Franklyn Welsh. Wig by Schiaparelli, of Elura. Accessories, next to last page, this issue.

PENN

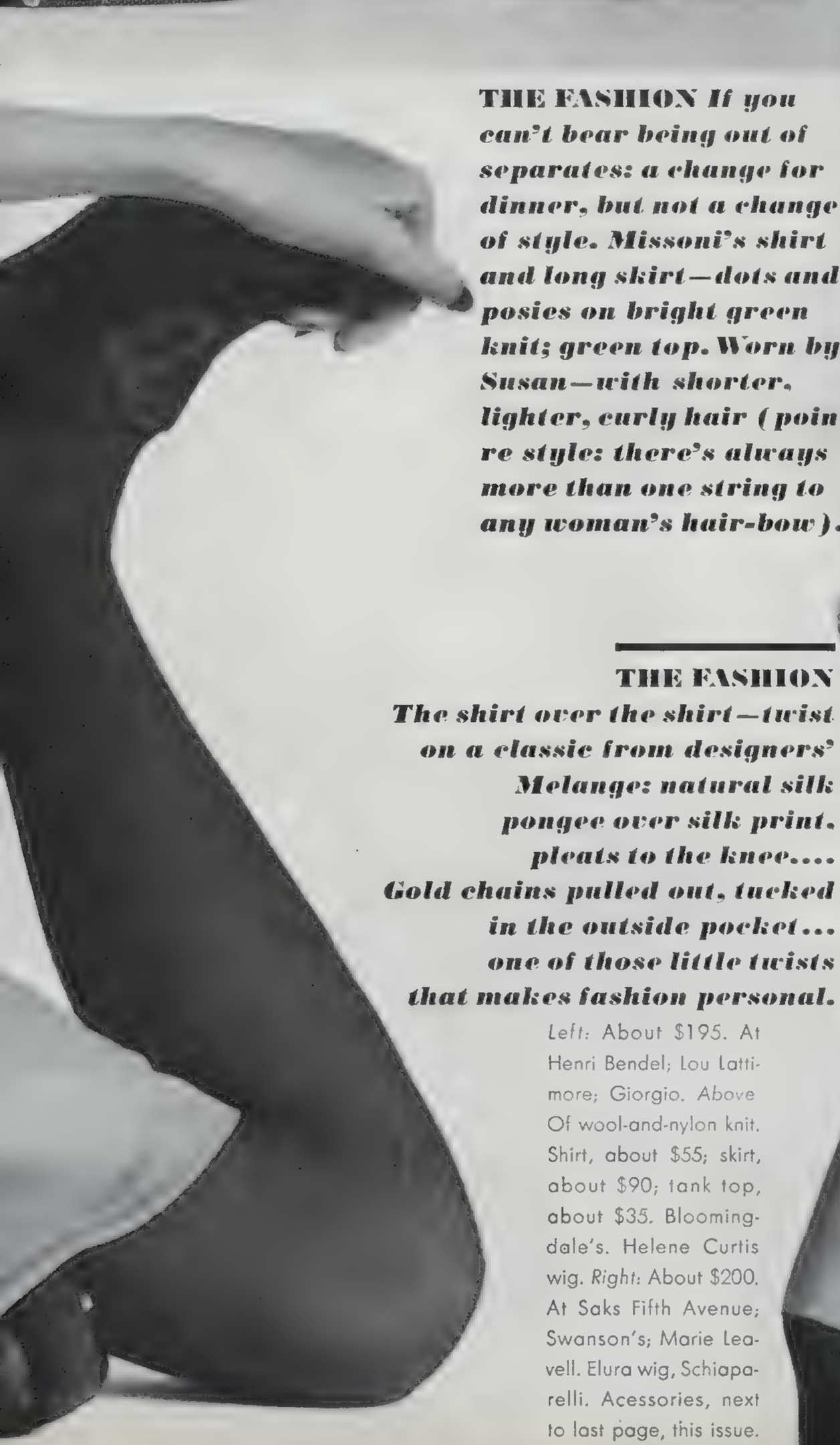


THE FASHION *Sweater-dressing for the girl who loves being in a dress—and in skin: Stephen Burrows' short snap-front chamois in rust, beige, brown. And his sections-of-chamois hat pulled down on the forehead.*

THE BEAUTY TWIST *Isn't it interesting, the way something on the brow makes eyes so important...a hat...or bangs.*

personal style...
shirt-and-sweater dressing





THE FASHION *If you can't bear being out of separates: a change for dinner, but not a change of style. Missoni's shirt and long skirt—dots and posies on bright green knit; green top. Worn by Susan—with shorter, lighter, curly hair (point, re style: there's always more than one string to any woman's hair-bow).*

THE FASHION
The shirt over the shirt—twist on a classic from designers' Melange: natural silk pongee over silk print, pleats to the knee.... Gold chains pulled out, tucked in the outside pocket... one of those little twists that makes fashion personal.

Left: About $195. At Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio. *Above* Of wool-and-nylon knit. Shirt, about $55; skirt, about $90; tank top, about $35. Bloomingdale's. Helene Curtis wig. *Right:* About $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Marie Leavell. Elura wig, Schiaparelli. Acessories, next to last page, this issue.

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THE FASHION *Clingy, creamy matte jersey rounded everywhere—even the edges are curly: Stephen Burrows' long liquid skirt and wrap tunic for evening.... Worn by Pat Cleveland, a girl of wonderful narrowness and length (and the unexpected lusciousness of a look like this on a figure like this is very much to the point—never, ever confuse personal style with type-casting).*

THE BEAUTY TWIST *Hair pulled off the face, exposing a face that can be exposed... a word to the wise.*

personal style...
the cling, the float

THE FASHION ***The stock at night—a chiffon scarf that someone else might wrap around her head—tied over a float of chiffon in a clean, graphic print of stylized flowers... by Hanae Mori in navy, white, coral.***



Opposite: Wrap-tunic, about $115; skirt, about $110, matching cape (not worn, here), about $145. All, of Jasco Fabrics rayon. At Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio.... *This page:* Silk chiffon dress and scarf. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin....Hair and makeup, these 20 pages, by Franklyn Welsh. All accessories, next to last page.

PENN



this man can turn a woman into a star:

GEORGE BALANCHINE

By John Gruen

"Ballet is a woman—ballet is a purely female art. The rest of the arts are male. But ballet . . . ballet is the essence—the very meaning of woman. The earth is a woman . . . moist as the earth. Man is the sun. Yet, in the dance, man must dedicate his art to woman. He must be all-giving. And woman must be all-accepting. But her acceptance is always based on the knowledge of her own perfection. Because in ballet, woman has an unbelievable perfection—an unbelievable force. In ballet, woman has no need to rebel. In ballet, man is her servant."

George Balanchine seems transported by his own words. Some inner light ignites. A tension takes hold, and his voice assumes a fervor fired by certainty and conviction. And when he speaks, the astringent lilt of his Russian accent underscores the emotional thrust of his thoughts.

At sixty-eight, Balanchine continues to present an image of paradox and mystery. Often called the world's greatest living choreographer and ranked, together with Picasso and Stravinsky, as an undisputed creative genius, he remains enigmatic—a man difficult to know. There is about him an aura of the obsessive, as though some private motor were insistently churning at the root of his being—driving him toward some unfathomable, yet precise, creative or intellectual goal.

This quality, suggesting certain human and psychological fallibilities, is masked by an exterior of regal poise. George Balanchine exudes elegance and courtliness. While his taste in clothes runs to Wild West chic—cowboy boots, string neckties, frontier pants, turquoise and silver wrist bands—his demeanor in these clothes has the flavor of Imperial Russia. Drenched in ambiguities, he has private penchants that run from the execrably lowbrow to the exquisitely highbrow. Naïveté and sophistication live side by side in a man clearly insistent on being himself.

GEORGE BALANCHINE, ***one of the greatest creative forces, has probably transformed more young dancers into unforgettable performers than anyone in the world.***

Women have, of course, played a major role in Balanchine's life. A Svengali by nature, he has consistently been driven to young, usually unformed dancers, whom he invariably transformed into major artists. When he was eighteen and still in Russia studying and dancing at the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg, he fell in love with a fifteen-year-old fellow student—the ravishing Tamara Geva. Miss Geva was not yet sixteen when she became Mrs. George Balanchine. Moving to Paris the two became prominent members of Diaghilev's memorable Ballets Russes—Tamara Geva as dancer, Balanchine as the company's choreographer. The year was 1925. By 1927, they were separated.

Balanchine then formed a romantic liaison with Alexandra Danilova, another Maryinsky product and subsequent member of Diaghilev's company. For Danilova, a brilliant dancer, Balanchine created many major ballets. They lived in Paris for several years until time and circumstances separated them, although they remained friends and frequent working partners. To this day, Danilova remains an active and highly regarded teacher at Balanchine's School of American Ballet in New York.

The school, which brought Balanchine to America, was created by Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein in 1934, the year that began the choreographer's astonishing American career. (Fourteen years later he and Kirstein opened the New York City Ballet at the City Center.) In 1937, Balanchine embarked on film choreography, and it was during this period that Samuel Goldwyn hired Vera Zorina, who was born in Berlin, to dance in his film *The Goldwyn Follies*. Balanchine was the film's choreographer. Zorina went on to become a star of Broadway, and Balanchine continued to create dances for her. In 1938, Balanchine and Vera Zorina were married. It was a most unhappy union, and it found Balanchine as close as he would ever come to a breakdown. The marriage lasted only a few years.

By 1946, George Balanchine had returned to serious ballet and had married the beautiful twenty-one-year-old ballerina Maria Tallchief, the daughter of an Osage Indian father and an Irish mother. Under Balanchine's tutelage, Maria Tallchief became an international triumph, dancing in ballets created by her husband, and becoming a star of the New York City Ballet after it opened in 1948.

Maria Tallchief and George Balanchine remained married for five years. The break came when Maria Tallchief expressed a strong desire to have children. Balanchine would not hear of it. He did not believe in ballerinas becoming mothers. The marriage was annulled in 1951.

The ideal Balanchine dancer has a sleek, narrow body, long sinuous legs, an impeccable sense of timing, and a flawless technique. The dancer to meet all these qualifications was Tanaquil Le Clercq who, at the age of twelve, had won a scholarship to the School of American Ballet. From the first, Balanchine took a direct interest in her training and career. By seventeen, she danced her first professional solo role; by twenty, she made her official début with the New York City Ballet; and by twenty-three (Balanchine was forty-eight), she became Mrs. George Balanchine.

Ironically and tragically, the career of this most exquisite dancer whose haunting quality ignited ballet after ballet came to an abrupt end. In 1956, at the age of twenty-seven, Tanaquil Le Clercq contracted poliomyelitis while the company was on tour in Copenhagen. She became paralyzed from the waist down. Today, Tanny lives in a wheelchair. She and Balanchine were divorced in 1969.

Sitting in his sun-drenched office at the School of American Ballet (located in The Juilliard School at Lincoln Center), George Balanchine is told that Woman would be the subject of our talk.

"Well, you must not say that I am a Don Juan," he said with a smile. "I have never left any of my wives. They have all left me. But then, you see, I am an Aquarius, and an Aquarius is not supposed to be a male at all. I am water and air—a spirit. These women I married—they were all Muses. They married Apollo who inspired them to make something of themselves. And they did. They became fabulous artists and fabulous people. And they learned a tremendous amount. Also, I may have made lots of mistakes. When you are young, you don't think. Now I feel I should not have married any of them.

"Actually, I am very much against dancers getting married—I mean, of course, female dancers. Because, you see, for a (Continued on page 149)

PEOPLE ARE *talking* ABOUT...

"Psychological man," the growing stereotype for the 'seventies, son of the man-in-the-grey-flannel-suit and group therapy. . . . Sophia Loren, always best when she's funny, in her new film *Mortadella.* . . . The unstinted controversy over the Metropolitan Opera production of *Tristan und Isolde,* either love or hate. . . . *Intimate Behavior,* by Desmond Morris, the author of *The Naked Ape,* an erratically interesting book that traces the origins of sexuality back to the womb.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Uterine Contraceptive System—now being tested in California—a birth-control capsule placed in the uterus that slowly releases a miniscule amount of progesterone and is changed once a year, with nonexistent or minimal side effects. . . . The fourth and last volume of Claude Lévi-Strauss's major anthropological work, just published in Paris, L'Homme Nu ("The Nude Human") that brilliantly underlines the profound symbolism of man's invention of clothing, the cloak of his humanity.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Wings, the new group formed by ex-Beatle Paul McCartney and his wife Linda Eastman, and their new album *Wildlife:* not "Yesterday" but maybe tomorrow. . . . *Grease,* the new rock musical that is part of the leading edge of the 'fifties revival. . . . Orlando Books, the imprint for pornography written by and for women. . . . The on-again, off-again Broadway production of Gore Vidal's *An Evening with Richard Nixon,* blunt satire and blunted propaganda.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The latest variation on the old "If you were a movie star, who would you be?" game that switches sexes to expose the personality. For example: "If Spiro Agnew were a female movie star, who would he be?" "Shirley Temple." "If Jackie Onassis were a male movie star, who would she be?" "Don Ameche." And: Chairman Mao/Marilyn Monroe; Pat Nixon/Van Johnson; Joe Namath/Deanna Durbin; Betty Friedan/Bela Lugosi; Philip Roth/Barbra Streisand; Martha Mitchell/Red Skelton; Howard Hughes/Jean Harlow; Susan Sontag/Charles Boyer; Shirley Chisholm/Henry Fonda; Edmund Muskie/Irene Dunne; Barbara Walters/Kirk Douglas; Cecil Beaton/Greta Garbo; Bess Myerson/Johnny Weissmuller; Pablo Picasso/Sophia Loren; Margaret Mead/Spencer Tracy; Jacqueline Susann/Victor Mature; John Lindsay/Mitzi Gaynor; Bella Abzug/Edward G. Robinson; Nelson Rockefeller/Gale Sondergaard; Hugh Hefner/Terry Moore; Mary McCarthy/Raymond Burr; Ralph Nader/Margaret O'Brien.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The unanswered question from M. F. K. Fisher's book about her childhood, *Among Friends:* "Why don't Americans laugh and sing anymore?" . . . The highly specialized but extraordinary exhibition of rare etchings by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo and his son Giovanni Domenico at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C. . . . Laurens van der Post's anecdote-story about Sigmund Freud and his breakaway disciple C. G. Jung, from a British Broadcasting Corporation documentary: "Jung asked Freud to tell him one of his dreams for interpretation. Freud refused and said, 'I couldn't do that. It would undermine my authority.' "

BETTE MIDLER, *"singer or explosion"* Bette Midler, *right,* "the fabulous Miss M," as her impatient cult calls her, is the hottest new American singing star since Barbra Streisand, a hit without a single record, an improbable eccentric celebrity whose fans stuff the New York nightclubs she plays. Young, with a 'forties back-lot film wardrobe and an old-fashioned grand-piano bosom, Bette Midler sings funny or sad but always funky. She has an extraordinary repertory of 'forties, 'fifties, and 'sixties parodies; but she is most herself singing low-down blues. Lurking behind her crazy, thrown-together façade is a fire that often flames out: a woman who is very earnest and very free about sex, men, and life.



AVEDON



DUANE MICHALS



enjoy falling in love

DEBORAH KERR AND PETER VIERTEL TALK ABOUT FIRST LOVE

Deborah Kerr Viertel: TO MY DAUGHTER

My darling,

Your lovely letter arrived this morning with all its news, the most important of which is that you are in love for the first time! I found my heart thumping a little faster as I read, one half filled with a kind of fear, and the other half filled with an amazement that of course you ARE already old enough to be "in love"! The time has flown since I first held your little body with its woggling head, terrified you would break, and you were MY first love in a different phase of my life. And the apprehension that seemed to make my breath come shorter as I read your letter was the instant wondering if you would be hurt . . . and suddenly spilling over into my mind came the memories of my own first love with all its raptures and torments. The first time ever of feeling as *one* with a man . . . the shared beauties of myriad things . . . country walks on frosty sunny days . . . paintings and books and silver and porcelain . . . of learning about wines and food; and of dining alone on a summer evening with the moon more brilliant and close than ever before . . . of listening to the violin of Menuhin so piercingly exquisite on the night air that tears came welling up . . . of the letters so passionately exchanged and carefully saved and read and re-read . . . of the enchanting gifts so constantly received and so treasured . . . of wandering the London streets and haunting the antique shops and silversmiths and clockmakers for the gifts to return as symbols of my love . . . of the anguish of separation, with his departure to the north for work, and watching the train disappear till there was nothing more than its distant lonely sound . . . of the empty days, waiting constantly by the phone for it to ring and be *him* . . . of the letters becoming fewer . . . of the first stirrings of a worm of fear in heart and brain . . . of walking in rain and wind and cold, day after day past the house where he lived, to see if he had returned without a word . . . of finally and casually overhearing a voice at some trivial but time-consuming cocktail party saying, "Did you hear that so-and-so was married? Yes! Yesterday, in Edinburgh, a doctor's daughter I believe," . . . of feeling the blood leave my head and hearing myself laughing and chatting . . . of the absolute sense of emptiness and loss . . . of the mumbled address to a taximan, and then in the cold, dark, cigar-smelling safety of the cab, the scalding blinding tears that broke and with them, I thought, my heart. And as I read your letter the tears fell again on the ink, and I prayed that if it were all to happen to you, that you would feel as deeply and as passionately as I did; because I think, contrary to the climate of today, love is *not* to be taken lightly or cynically. And though perhaps this first love may be your last love, it is your *first* love, and nothing will ever be quite the same. So many years and loves and sadnesses and great joys have passed, but his writing on an envelope might still turn my heart.

Peter Viertel: TO ALL YOUNG LOVERS

To have felt strongly is all that really counts, to have been taken out of yourself, out of the pettiness of your own private being . . . which is what love is really about. I am not talking about an unrealized crush, or an experimental first sexual encounter, for those are merely the small marvels of youth, equally related in their importance to the first time you are able to walk or ride a bicycle or drive a car. I am referring to love with all the trimmings.

Like all truly big experiences, it is not readily available. But ultimately, I am inclined to think, it does happen to most men and women. The

DEBORAH KERR AND PETER VIERTEL—*the British actress and the American writer, both memorable, an extraordinary couple who live and work in Switzerland*

degree of intensity may vary greatly, but no matter if you have married your childhood sweetheart (and have remained faithful to her ever since) or have enjoyed as promiscuous a love life as the hero of a trashy novel (before the real thing came along), chances are your entire being will have been transformed by the magic moment when you found yourself willing to transfer all of the riches of your soul, to put them into the hands of some irresistibly attractive stranger. For that is the snag: they are nearly always strangers, these initial objects of our affections, the exact nature of their being hopelessly blurred by the novelty and the excitement of it all.

Later on in life, we learn to love more judiciously; we do not gamble as wildly with our emotions as we did early in the game. We estimate our chances, try to ascertain the odds, strive to eliminate the possibility of a serious error. But not the first time. The first time it is like dice, or baccarat, or roulette, French or Russian. Therefore luck is a prime factor. And we always realize, when it is too late, that this wild initial gamble has influenced a variety of seemingly unrelated consequences: the choice of one's profession, poverty or riches, one's health, and in extreme cases, the length of time we are destined to spend on this occasionally pleasant planet.

Good fortune, then, is vital to the untried player; and as we all know luck has a whore's heart, first love finally is, like the accident of one's birth, an ungovernable event, an act of God, as it might well be described by the underwriter of Lloyds. Advice is useless, as is any friendly warning. Even "look before you leap" is an empty phrase; because if you are teetering on the edge, it is usually always much too late. Finally the old saw is all anyone can repeat: "It is better to have loved and lost. . . ." But what comfort is that to those who are fortunate at this moment to be bleeding? Better still, once it is all over, write about it, if you can. ▼

accept the good of crying

WOMEN WEEP MORE THAN MEN DO. MAYBE IT HELPS.

By Eileen Simpson

The use of tears to express emotion is a uniquely human phenomenon. It is, in our society, at least, a predominantly feminine one. Why this should be so, when the lacrimal system is identical in both sexes, takes some explaining.

Infants enter the world with a dry-eyed cry. At three or four weeks, lacrimal fluid appears to moisten, nourish, and wash away irritation from the corneas of the eyes. An excess of fluid (epiphora) is produced for the first time at three months, to signal frustration and discomfort. At eight months, when he is able to distinguish his mother from others who take care of him, an infant weeps when separated from her. At this early age, he experiences the pain of loss.

Boys weep as readily as girls at nursery school (more readily, according to one study), but soon their tears become intolerable to parents and teachers. A boy is told "not to be a sissy" or to "act like a little man." What cuts more ice with him than these admonitions is that, at the age when he begins to observe and imitate his father's gestures and mannerisms in an eagerness to be like him, he notices that his father doesn't cry.

His mother, on the other hand, does. While pressure is put on the little girl, too, to control herself, and her brothers may call her "cry baby" if she does not, should the cause of her tears be something adults can sympathize with, she may be encouraged to "have a good cry" and even be offered a handkerchief with a "there, there." Without being asked to do so, she acts like a little woman.

Imitation and parental attitudes, then, partly explain why undergraduate women weep—according to another study—Kleenex for Kleenex and cup for cup, three times as much as undergraduate men. While there are no statistics for adults (indeed the whole subject of weeping has been only meagerly studied), Dr. James E. Shea, a New York psychiatrist, found in a month's sample of therapy sessions that even in the permissive atmosphere of the analyst's office, where one might expect men to feel less inhibited in this regard, the tear ratio was five to one in favor of women.

Grief, intense pain, severe frustration—these are the only reasons for which a man may weep without paying a heavy price; whereas a woman weeps in shame, in pity, in self-pity, when moved, when crossed, when listening to music, reading a book, or looking at a movie, at happy endings, at unhappy endings, and, if the rash of recent films which have given us close-ups of the scene can be trusted, after lovemaking.

Tears, tears, tears. The skin is blotchy, wet; the nose runny, red; the eyelids swell when a woman weeps. Only the passage of time can erase the damage.

Not all women are deformed by weeping, or care if they are. Think of those whose eyes fill like limpid pools, only a perfectly formed tear or two falling on the cheek like dewdrops on a rose: actresses these. Or the others who know how to turn the waterworks on and off at will: engineers. But for each of these there are two who, despite frantic blinking and swallowing, are undone by tears. How many scenes have they played badly, how many arguments have they lost because their untrustworthy voices and overactive lacrimal systems betrayed them?

Dr. Phyllis Greenacre, a psychoanalyst, says that what one expresses with tears, diverse as may seem the provocations, is loss: loss of a person through death or alienation; loss of an object, of prestige, of self-esteem, of opportunity, of youth. (Even tears shed over a sentimental song express loss, through identification with the subject of the song who has suffered a loss or through nostalgia for the lost days of one's youth and innocence.) As the eight-month-old infant weeps not only at being separated from his mother (he has lost her) but also in anger (she has abandoned him), so we weep not only because we are powerless to bring back what has been lost but also because we are frustrated and angry at having lost it.

Women need tears more than men, Dr. Greenacre says, because they have fewer outlets for frustration and anger. As girls they are trained to be passive and compliant, whereas boys are permitted, even encouraged, to be assertive and aggressive. We recognize this when we say of an active, successful woman, "*She* weeps? I can't imagine it. She seems so . . . so. . . ." (Continued)

(Continued) So competent, so assertive that she shouldn't need tears is what we mean.

Another analyst, Dr. L.B. Löfgren, says that tears, the only bodily excretion we think of as "clean," perform the useful function of dissipating and liberating aggressive energy that the sufferer has been unable to discharge in a direct way. The dissipation brings with it a feeling of relaxation; the liberation allows the energy to be used for constructive pursuits.

Communicative as well as reparative, tears carry a message. A man who cries may be saying, "I'm a poor weak thing. I'm not aggressive like other men, so take it easy on me." His tears, as Friar Laurence called Romeo's, are "womanish." The hot tears that Odysseus shed (and he shed as many as, if not more than, Penelope) were not. Greek heroes were given to weeping, but then they were heroic figures whose manliness was above question.

A similar expression of helplessness may enhance a woman's attractiveness. May and may not. How a man feels about a woman's tears depends, Dr. Shea says, on the message she is sending him. If she is saying, "I'm a damsel in distress," he is likely to feel superior, and be tolerant. If the message is "See what you've done to me?" he will feel guilty, and be irritated. (The man who carries around a neurotic burden of guilt may feel guilty no matter *what* the teary message is.) At times, when the tears seem to have nothing to do with anything, the poor man is simply bewildered.

So, of course, is the poor woman. There's no explaining it, she says, when he asks what she's weeping about *now*. And yet she feels a need—as tyrannical as hunger or thirst—to weep. It's physiological, the more articulate say, hormonal. Estrogen and progesterone are the villains. Four days before and four days into the menstrual period; at ovulation (very mysterious this, because many women are not aware of its occurrence); for weeks, even months, after childbirth; during the menopause (when it's the least of her problems), women weep more than ever. Hormones are involved all right, but how and to what degree is not clear. Teams of endocrinologists, gynecologists, and psychiatrists are studying this complex subject. (The mass of related data collected by Masters and Johnson has not yet been tabulated.) What women know is that in the menopausal period they weep far less than their grandmothers did because of estrogen replacement therapy: a Premarin a day keeps the tears away.

What about our sisters who don't weep, or who weep no more than men? As children they may have been expected, for any number of reasons, to show "manly" control. Or they imposed such control on themselves. Their ways of coping with loss are more subtle, although not necessarily more attractive or desirable.

Specialists in psychosomatic diseases have found that an inhibition of tears plays a significant role in asthma and urticaria. The patients wish they could weep but cannot. Those with dermatological problems sometimes develop "weeping lesions": the skin does the eyes' job. If, under hypnosis, they can be induced to weep, their symptoms improve.

Most painful of all to consider are the women beyond tears. Their grief, their sense of loss is so overwhelming—one thinks of victims of catastrophes—that they are numb. Their hearts have turned to stone. It is only when they begin to recover that they are able to weep again. ▼

learn to **touch...**

to smell...to taste

AMERICA'S BEST-KNOWN WRITER ON THE SENSUOUS TELLS HOW

By M. F. K. Fisher

The question is simple: why do many American women seem to dislike to taste-feel-smell things?

I am often asked this, and I am an American woman. It makes me wonder, because I myself do not shun such sensual involvement and identification, but rather seek it out.

Usually people refer to *food*, and cooking and eating it, when they talk with me, because they know that I am interested in its intrinsic part in human love. They are speaking about the physical nourishment of their associates and companions and dear ones and, of course, of their own.

I think one of the reasons many women, my compatriots, shun contact with food as such is that they continue to try to live like eighteenth-century aristocrats when actually most of them have no servants and no decent human substitutes and therefore must pretend to be helpless. They call in caterers, for even four guests. They go regularly to restaurants where they have established a rapport with the headwaiter. And they must be on diets. (The logic for this rule is that diets eliminate such bothersome things as getting breakfast, and even lunch if one can skip board meetings and suchlike.)

Thus there is no need to cope with anything but occasional contact with such realities, all done by telephone, as fresh vegetables, ribboned beef, plums pearly from the tree. All these can be found, even in a megalopolis; but it is true that many Americans choose to stay away from them, whether they know it or not, because of the sensual thrust of their obvious existence, the honest call to impulses that ladies have been taught to keep at bay. And food must be cleaned, washed, peeled, stored. (So what about all the messy nastiness of it, and getting one's fingernails into a ripe tomato, and having to skin things, for God's sake? And then all that juice and mucking around with spices and Burt's special low-cholesterol butter substitute, and then the *cleaning up*.)

I know of one of my peers who got rid of her whole *batterie de cuisine*, a fantastic and beautiful supply of every pot and pan and skillet for a good kitchen, because the utensils had handles that were not recommended for her electric dishwasher.

And I know another woman, know her well enough for the two-cheeks salute anyway, who derides and even grows shrill about any given page from Julia Child's modern kitchen lexicon, because once she followed directions and used twenty-seven utensils for one dish! The result was superb, she admits, but not worth losing a slob of a cleaning-woman who quit *flat out* when she saw the kitchen the next morning (typical of Modern Domestics, and also of Lady Cooks).

There is a prettier side to the coin, though, and many American women who would in other days have had their own chefs and their own staffs of trained servants now enjoy, and consciously and deliberately, an intelligent participation in practicing the arts of the kitchen and table.

And there is an increasing number of women who indulge earnestly in baking bread weekly for their families and friends. Some of the results are pitiable (or at least Old Testament); but by the time a loaf has been sliced (or sawed or hacked through), any honest woman is so blandly proud and relaxed that its inedibility cannot really matter. The atavistic magic of kneading and waiting and finally producing has taken place again, and more than one interesting nugget of soy/rye/wheat-germ/blackstrap-molasses has been conceived, no matter how innocently, on an analyst's couch, with canny approval from the doctor.

An elderly friend who had not touched hand to kitchen bowl for several decades told me that when she tried to make an old-fashioned Viennese Twist for a grandson who was threatening to resign

from the family because it had lost all its traditions, she lost three rings in the dough and had to send them to the local Tiffany's to be cleaned, once they had been dug out. It was a bore, she said, and went back to her neighborhood bakery.

This sounds nonsensical, but it proves that there must be some basic rapport between the materials and the user of them. If a woman is willing to plunge her clean bare hands in a sticky floury mess, it is because *she knows why*. She does not dibble and dabble. That is impossible in the making of honest food.

A master chef I know, who gives cooking classes for the classiest of dames, says that he has had to develop a brutally subtle technique, from his word "Go!" at the first lesson, to make his ladies touch anything but the outer edges of an egg. (First he strips them of their rings and bracelets and suchlike and sniffs sadistically if their nails are too long.) They conquer the trick of actually breaking an egg into a bowl, their fingers pulling back from the cracked sides like the outraged petals of a sea anemone. Then he orders blandly that they "thumb" the empty shells, to push out any clinging albumen. They shriek or moan, drop what they are holding, have to fish it up from the bowl.

Gradually they obey: the lessons cost a fortune and they have promised to learn how to make an omelet even if it means two boring trips a week, all winter, to the other end of town. . . . And once they have cracked ten eggs into each bowl, gradually falling into a comparatively giddy rhythm about the whole revolting caper, they find that they have to make a smooth mixture of the yolks and whites, *by hand*.

Some either leave the room never to return or leave and come back in a few minutes, tight-lipped, and worth their salt. And my friend the master chef says that once this has happened, the rest is plain and even wonderful sailing. Beautiful omelets flip casually through the air and land where they should . . . and *then* comes the first plunge into gluey bread dough, and gradually the fingers so long conditioned to hate sticky and slippery and generally "nasty" textures understand the satin of a fresh mushroom and the velvet of a peach.

It seems strange that all this has to be taught. It should come from a natural awareness. But our culture is increasingly unnatural. We have been pushed out of focus, and it is often costly and painful to get in again . . . not only in special classes called cookery and college courses called sensitivity-therapy but personally, *alone*.

And I believe that through touch, or perhaps because of its agents, other senses regain their first strengths. A broken egg has its own perfume when it is fresh, and of course, like all decadent matter, its stench when it is rotten. Only a few animals, and then at certain times in their lives, choose to eat carrion willingly ("high" game for the more sophisticated of the Hunting Set . . . a long-dead seal for an equally fastidious pair of Great Danes on a remote Pacific beach . . .). By nature none of us likes to become involved in the touch-taste-smell of anything that has faded or wilted or gone sour . . . gone plain *bad*.

But there, too, is the other side of the coin! Newness, which in all sane entities means freshness, is irresistible if we ourselves are even hopefully healthy and have still kept our human wits about us. A new fine baby smells good. So does a basketful of Bibb lettuce. Of course, one is edible and one is not, but at least they are *there*, to touch most respectfully and, in my own case with a good child, to nibble with infinite tenderness, the back of the neck, perhaps, or the tip of a finger. Lettuces are perhaps more vulnerable, being more fleeting; but they, too, should be treated with delicate care.

And as for smell, Lukas's will be different from John's, just as Bibb from a Kentucky farm will smell different, more pungent, from any grown in a sun-box in Southern California. Lukas will have a firm feel, like hand-spun Indian cotton; and John will be like damask woven in Lyons two hundred years ago, refined and still strong. And just as the two new people have different textures, so will the lettuces born of the same seed.

Day before yesterday, at least as time now



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

M. F. K. FISHER,
with temptations to the senses—four perfect tomatoes and a cat

flies, I read a review of a theatrical evening, a great success in New York as well as in Los Angeles. It was mostly about touch therapy. The critic wrote at length of the various kinds of "release" it gave him and said it was definitely "inspired by a non-ideological, non-theological yearning for transcendence."

This may be true. It had not occurred to me that I might seek and find transcendence in a dark room filled with strangers. All I know now is that I am pleased that a lot of my sisters, of every age, are relearning part of the art of life by touching an egg yolk, smelling a fresh lettuce leaf or berry, tasting either the product of their own hands, such as a fresh loaf of bread, or a fresh body. This may be the answer to more than one question. ▼



the modern jewel for the modern woman—

Bulgari worn by Cybill Shepherd

That they're real jewels isn't the point. What is, is that they're strong, simple, modern, like the young woman who's wearing them on these pages: Cybill Shepherd. Blue-eyed with a sluice of blond hair, Cybill at twenty-one is a top model, an English major at New York University, and a star in her first film, *The Last Picture Show*. Contrast is what she likes in life—and in clothes. Loves the look of a suit with ties. Goes to the movies in jeans and big, baggy men's shirts. Other times, gets herself up in the most completely feminine way. She has a very definite fashion personality and, partly thanks to modeling, has found out what's right for her and what isn't. "I'm big. I've big shoulders. I'm tall—5′ 8½″. And I have a curved body. So I don't like skimpy little things. No miniskirts, only long things or midis. And pants—you can't beat them." She doesn't like close-fitting things—"People on the job are always trying to get me into those little bitty short vests that don't reach the waist and I always know they're going to be horrid on me. I do know myself. . . . I like colors that are bright, vivid, definite. White, black . . . none of those mucky in-between colors." . . . At right, Cybill wears Bulgari's diamond-and-gold necklace, jagged as splinters, pure as geometry. With it, Halston's black sweater, pants, and white mohair coat ("a great coat—comfortable, cuddly, soft"). Above, Bulgari's oval minaudière, swirling yellow-and-white gold clasped by a diamond and held by a tasseled cord. "I like the simplicity of these pieces," Cybill said. "They're very close to being an art form . . . if I were going to wear real jewels, this would be it." (More, next page.)

Jewels by Bulgari, now in New York at the Hotel Pierre. Double-faced wool-mohair-and-nylon coat, about $350; short-sleeved cashmere sweater, about $65; and wool jersey pants, about $100; all: Halston Limited. Bloomingdale's; Martha, Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Giorgio. Shoes by Herbert Levine for Halston. Max Factor's Twilight Red Nail Color. Coifs and makeup, these four pages: Franklyn Welsh.

PENN





COMPLETELY MODERN— CYBILL SHEPHERD . . .

Bulgari's geometric necklace

Bulgari's necklace of topazes and diamonds on agate plaques and gold links—about this, and the short cashmere caftan from Halston she wears with it here, Cybill said: "These things are very much in my style. They're simple and unaffected . . . affected is definitely *not* my style! I never want to look as though I've gotten up and accessorized myself in the morning. I keep away from that just-right, pulled-together look. It can be awfully boring. . . . I'm not really a pulled-together sort of person." She loved wearing the early '50's clothes of *The Last Picture Show:* "They looked awkward—the way old clothes do—but in an adorable way. The baggy sweaters, saddle shoes, bobby socks . . . wonderfully comfortable. . . . Being a model, and having to be so perfect so much of the time, makes comfort very, very important to me. It's everything."

Necklace by Bulgari, now in New York at the Hotel Pierre. Caftan by Halston Limited, in Dacron and cashmere. About $400, at Bloomingdale's; Martha, Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Swanson's; Sakowitz; Giorgio.



PENN

"i want to be Donna Jordan"

Two years ago, Donna Jordan went to Paris and became a star. Designers turned on to her. It's said she launched the 'forties look. She became *the* model of the European ready-to-wear collections, the darling of every magazine. And starred, of course, in a movie—which was pretty much written about her—Andy Warhol's *L'Amour,* to be released in Europe this spring. Of herself, she says, "One wants to be an individual in fashion. I want to be Donna Jordan. I don't feel like a star. I'm just having great fun being myself." Fashion designer Halston said of her, "She's an original, a superstar! Extravagant-looking, flamboyant, superchic, mad—one of the most daring people I've met. She never wears the same thing twice the same way. And she wears everything in a way you've never seen before. Always seven-inch high heels that get her right up on her toes—and she dances every dance." . . . Fashion illustrator Joe Eula re Donna: "She sets the trend, by God she does it! She doesn't really have many clothes; it's how she pulls it together. The last time I saw her there was a funny *Philadelphia Story* quality about her: the pants, the clipped hacking jacket, the right hat at the right angle. . . . Harlow, Monroe—but herself. Another time she was all in black—she's got a terrific figure—and that blond hair forever. Sexy? All the way!" . . . It's the first thing you see, that hair. Used to be a light ash brown, but it got lighter and lighter and lighter. Says Donna, "The thing that's most Me is my blond, bleached hair. People either love it or hate it. I love it. And it's given me confidence; I feel wittier, sexier, bolder, more glamorous. But it's terribly fragile; I trust it to only two hairdressers: Jean Louis David in Paris, who bleached it originally, and Eugene at Cinandre in New York." She has a touch-up every month. Every week, she shampoos, conditions, and sets it herself in tiny pincurls all over her head. Dries it under a warm—not hot—dryer. It's a three-hour job. She combs it either in this curly, off-the-face way, or in a classic, side-parted pageboy. "I don't know how long my hair will be able to take it, but for now, I'm enjoying it." She has the most beautiful skin, white, like porcelain, a pouty, sensuous mouth. She uses a light, almost white base: Estée Lauder's Tender Make-Up Base, the shade, Natural Blush. "Other than my hair, my main passion in makeup is lipstick—dark, brownish, glossy. I use lots of perfume. I don't care about jewelry but I'm crazy about pearls. I have a passion for shoes and gloves. I always wear colored satin gloves, red or green. And high-wedge-soled shoes; I just cannot walk on low heels. My favorite colors are white and beige. I adore jackets, don't even own a coat. For day, pants, a sporty look. If I wear skirts, only very very short ones. I don't make too much distinction between day and evening clothes. I always stick to my own way of dressing; I'm only interested in what I think is my style—I'd never wear something I didn't like. The rest doesn't worry me. . . . I eat what I want. I don't eat meat because I don't like it. I don't worry about sleep—the less I sleep, the better off I am. I live in the present. Day by day."

DONNA JORDAN—THE ALL-OF-A-COLOR IDEA

left: hair, stock-shirt, pearls—everything creamy-pale. Except for: Romantic Red lipstick from the Re-Nutriv Collection of Estée Lauder. . . . Sibley & Coffee shirt, of Onondaga satin (Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon). About $95. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Cultured pearls, Van Cleef & Arpels. Franklyn Welsh coif. (Second thoughts on bleached hair: Beauty Checkout, page 40.)

PENN


The New York Times

"Individual differences create individual preferences because each woman has her individual fantasy."
Dr. Eric Kindwall

UNDER ALL—

the most personal style

Wear what you like—when you've got something on that does it for you, you know you're attractive and the message gets across, right through those intervening layers. As Dr. Kindwall puts it, "a woman in sexy underwear, even though she is fully clothed, feels more feminine, and it gives her license to behave accordingly." Maybe there's lace, maybe not—whatever: it's smooth, smooth, smooth. Sexy doesn't necessarily mean a lot of frou and folderol—not today. Colors are clear, clean, black and white. Lines pure, simple. That's the way underthings are now. They're practical. Functional. They really work for you. Everything goes under everything. And everything's the more seductive for it. Anything that works for you, does everything else for you too. That's the whole point—all work *and* all play.

Sleek, simple and sexy, a slithery black haltered maillot in no great hurry to get dressed—once on though, your clothes just skid along fast and smooth. Tru Balance maillot; Antron nylon and Lycra. $10. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Accessories, next to last page. Coiffures, these eight pages, Franklyn Welsh.

HELMUT NEWTON

Smooth and small—black under all

What goes on after the bath, above—a good fast open stretch of bra and bikini edged in lace . . . what goes on after that is up to you. By Lorraine Lingerie; Antron nylon and Lycra. Bra, $2.75; bikini, $2.00. Bloomingdale's.

So basic you could really use a dozen, near right—anything you own would just coast on over a bra and pantie as sleek as these. Both by Olga, in Dacron, nylon and Lycra. Bra and pantie girdle, each $5.50. Available at Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan; Carson Pirie Scott; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin.

If you don't like Chinese food, say so, far right—there you are in your new super-plunge bra and little-nothing bikini, obviously not in a rice shoppe mood. Bra by Vassarette, in Enka Crepeset nylon; the straps switch to a halter when and if. $6.00. At Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Sanger-Harris; J. W. Robinson. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.







Smooth, lacy–black under all

The whole movie-star-taping-her-memoirs-in-satin-negligee-drowned-in-marabou routine, opposite, may be taking it a bit far, but every woman knows there's nothing like a smidge of black lace to set the mood for anything else she puts on. Like this lacy black under-wire bra with wide-set straps: perfect under a wide décolletage, and if a little lace peeks—so much the prettier. By Bali, of Enka Crepeset nylon. $7. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz. White robe of rayon satin, about $95, from Saks Fifth Avenue.

Say you're being held prisoner and you don't know where you're being held, left—everything else is being held beautifully, in a smooth, basic black bodysuit with all the support of a bra, a deep dip in back. By Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. $12.50. At Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Titche's; J. W. Robinson. All accessories on the next to last page.

Smooth, lacy—white under all

Be just a shade sexy but under control, right, in this deliciously feminine bodysuit of white stretch lace. It makes you feel so good about yourself . . . and about whatever else that goes on. Bodysuit by Warner's, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. $13. At Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida.

What's Shirley Temple got to do with the two little fripperies of white lace, opposite? Practically nothing at all. For a body like this, they're all a body needs . . . Baby, Take a Bow. By Maidenform, of nylon and Lycra. Bra, $6; pantie, $3.50. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; The Denver. Accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.



1

2

anywhere EXERCISES

Refresh, relax, re-firm. . . . Good little moves to make, wherever you are, whenever you can, as planned for us by Manya Kahn

3

4

Don't just sit there—firm your middle, strengthen lower back

Spare-times or off-moments—these are your chances to un-tense and refresh your body with Anywhere-Exercises, as worked out here by Manya Kahn, expert exercise-lady whose methods are renowned far and wide (or more accurately, perhaps, far and slender). . . . Say, for instance, you find yourself in a fairly straight chair, maybe even in a movie—sit up and well back, as in Picture 1, with relaxed shoulders, palms on chair-arms. Breathe in deeply through nostrils, while pulling abdominal muscles up and in; hold breath a couple of seconds, then breathe out slowly and relax. Repeat five times. . . . For the next exercise, you could be at a desk—at home or in an office. From the same starting position, find something to reach for, and reach the right way—stretching the trunk of the body forward as far as possible from the hip joints, as in Picture 2. Keep back straight, no hunching of shoulders—think of your hip joints as hinges. Breathe slowly, out, in; go back and forth five times.

The sitting swan dive—to help the bosom and shoulder muscles

For this exercise, watch for a time when you're in a straight chair with a little elbow-room at the sides (besides giving a good-stretch feeling, this could also be a splendid way to get the attention of a waitress). . . . Take the starting position, as in Picture 1. While breathing in, bring your arms straight forward, palms together (Picture 3). Keeping arms straight, and breathing out, follow Picture 4—stretch arms out and back at shoulder level, flexing the palms far back. At the same time, stretch the neck so your chin is straight up, head well back. This gets at the muscles of the throat, upper arms, as well as pectoral muscles; also relaxes shoulders where tensions lurk. Repeat five times.

Missoni separates on these pages: at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Coif, François of Kenneth.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PENATI AT
THE DAVID HICKS SUITE OF THE ST. REGIS HOTEL

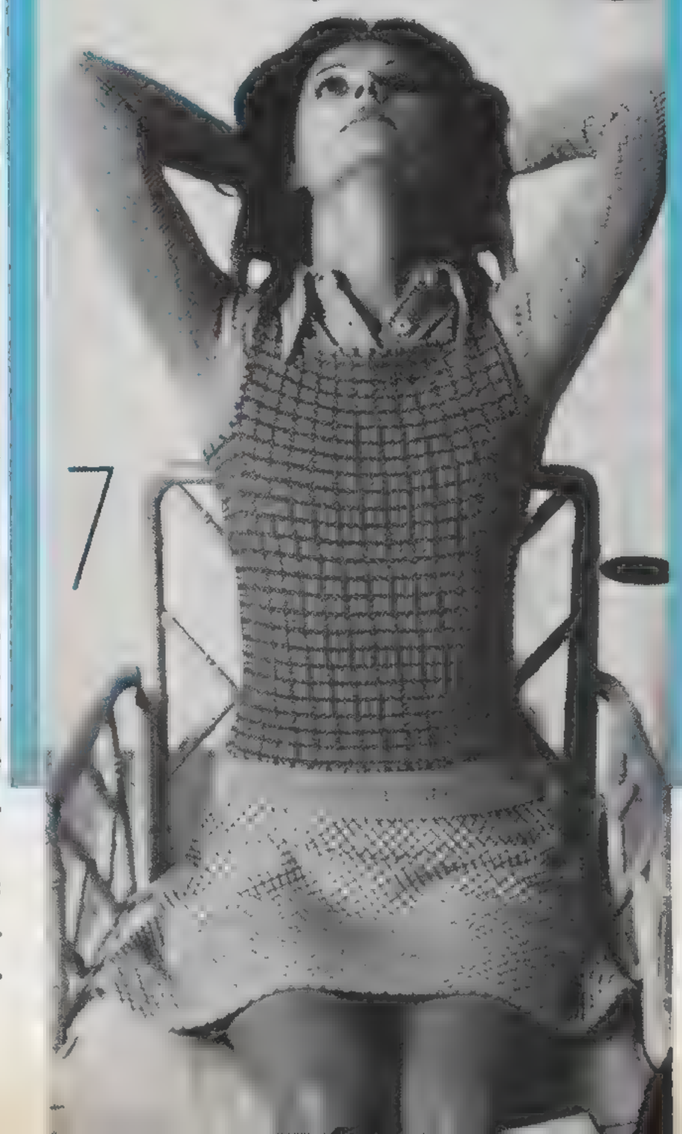
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6



7



Close-quarters stretch—a pick-up for posture

To straighten the back, give the heave-ho to dowager's hump, and add firmness to the bosom, here's an exercise for when Anywhere has the scarcest space. . . . Sit up straight, as per Picture 5, place fingertips lightly on shoulders, elbows at sides. Breathing in slowly, bring elbows forward up to shoulder level (Picture 6). Still breathing in—this must be a good deep breath—stretch elbows way up, way back (Picture 7), while tilting chin up and head back. Breathing out, spread elbows out farther as you slowly bring them down to your sides—putting you back in starting position. Repeat five times.

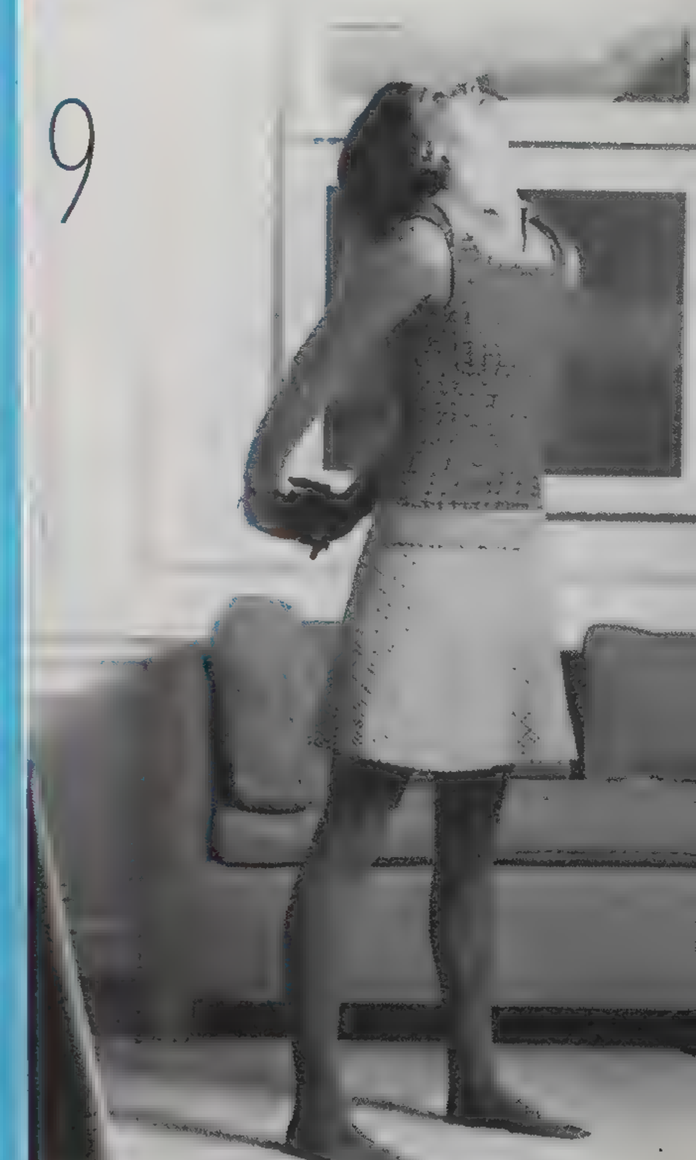
Three to stand for—helping legs, lower back

A trio of moves to limber and strengthen the back, legs, and lumbar region—good after a long sit in car or theater. . . . Stand erect, feet 10" apart, hands on hips. Breathing in deeply, bend forward keeping spine straight so that back is level with floor (Picture 8). Breathing out, bounce the torso up and down three times to this position, moving from hip joints. . . . From a standing start, make like Picture 9, hands clasped behind with palms toward you. Breathing in, stretch arms and head far back. Breathing out, return to standing position. . . . Again from a standing start, clasp hands the same way, breathe in while stretching arms way back. Breathing out, bend torso down so back is level, arms straight and high as possible (Picture 10). Breathing in, stretch torso back to upright, keeping arms behind you. Do these five times.

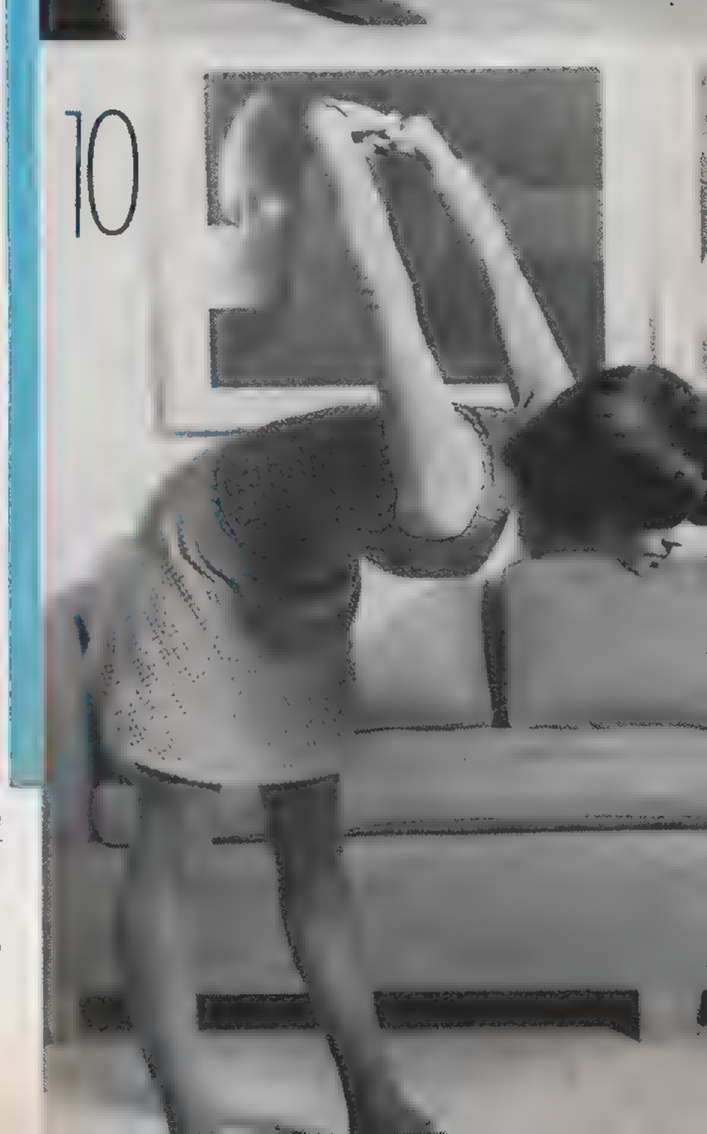
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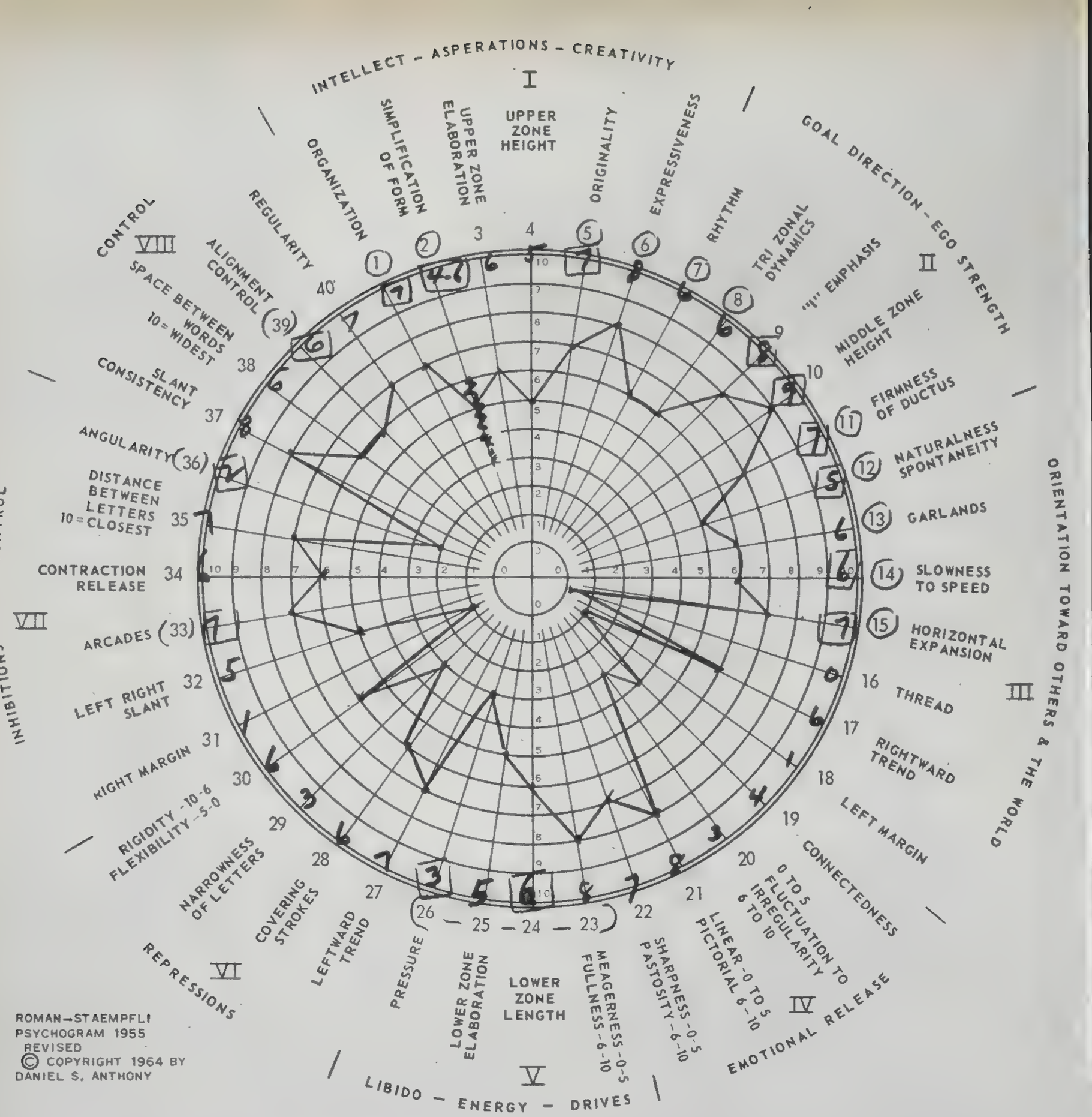


9



10





ROMAN–STAEMPFLI
PSYCHOGRAM 1955
REVISED
© COPYRIGHT 1964 BY
DANIEL S. ANTHONY

Psychogram—

the chart that bares your soul to the graphologist

This chart devised by Klara Roman, a Hungarian graphologist, and perfected by Daniel Anthony, who teaches the psychology and analysis of handwriting, is a diagram used by experts as the basis of their interpretations of conscious and unconscious factors in handwriting. Forty indicators define graphic variables—pressure, rightward or leftward trend, spontaneity, etc. They are grouped in eight sectors describing psychological traits—ego strength, creativity, libido, etc. Each indicator is graded 0 to 10, marked with a dot. The pattern that results when the dots are connected synthesizes for the expert a fundamental personality portrait.

What the Psychogram above reveals about the writing, right

This person is organized (indicator 1), articulate (see 11, 12, 34, 37), pictorial (21), with an ambivalence between real feelings and self-image (the grade was 8—out of the possible 10—for "I" emphasis). This script also shows pride, and a flair for magnificence that often turns into ostentation. The thick stroke (28), combined with narrow margins (18 and 31), a rather rigid (30) and contracted (34) script, and consistently looped garlands (13) show sensuousness, self-indulgence, repressed and unresolved feelings, perplexity about the future and specific goals, a need to control [her] environment at all times. *Her* environment? Handwriting never reveals sex and age; this is the writing of a 26-year-old actress.

F-26-R. Pg. 3

Just as in the realm of nature, dialectics supersedes the view of objects as rigid and distinct, and emphasizes their dynamic interrelation, their passage from one form to another, so psycho-analysis, as a particular though unacademic application of dialectics to the study of the mind discredits the static view of mind as a passive receptacle of impressions. Instead it offers a view of mental life as an interplay of warring & repressing forces with conflict as central. The mind is seen as a unity of opposing factors: conscious & unconscious elements which interpenetrate dynamically so that out of their interaction arise the richness & variety of mental phenomena

WHAT YOUR HANDWRITING reveals about you

by Simona Morini

Apart from your looks, your age, and the official gender indicated on your birth certificate, everything else about you shows in your handwriting. Crystallized in any few lines you write—on anything from a scrap of paper to a cake—is a summary of your personality and also of your state of mind and body at the time of writing.

It is an irresistible and a rather frightening idea that one's character should be synthesized in one's handwriting, and it inevitably confers on the handwriting expert (the graphologist) a power that seems almost magical. Graphology is a singular practice indeed: it attracts the passionate curiosity of the layman and often the ridicule of scientists—unless, of course, the manuscript to be analyzed is attributed, let's say, to Shakespeare, in which case it has the respectable name of paleography; or when the authenticity of a signature is questioned, in which case lawyers don't hesitate to call in handwriting experts.

Science is essentially empirical; and scientists deal with proofs, statistics, controlled experiments. They seem bound to be suspicious of anything like graphology that smacks of interpretation, of the imponderable. But it is the very nature of graphology to be relative, comparative, proportional. The size of handwritten words (an important element in graphological analysis) makes sense only in proportion to the size of the paper on which they are written; and the size of the signature to that of the document it concludes. If you send a thank-you note for a ghastly weekend in the country, your relief on completing the unpleasant task of lying may show in an unusually flamboyant signature, while the "sincerely yours" is cramped and perhaps misspelled because your hand *knows* it hasn't traced one single sincere word. More importantly, each bit of psychological information revealed by a person's handwriting has value *only* when observed in relation to the rest of the data. And the final analysis is bound to be relative to the graphologist's own personality, background, and attitude toward life.

This is also true of psychotherapy. Why, then, is graphology still ostracized in an age when psychotherapy with all its imponderables has been accepted? Why is graphology not yet part of all psychological projective techniques, such as the Rorschach test, the interpretation of dreams, and free association? Probably, the reason is, again, in the magical and folkloric qualities attached to it, its mistaken association with palm- and tea-leaf-reading, its assonance with astrology. Above all, there is the stigma that graphology acquired in the nineteenth century when, in a conscientious but naïve striving for precision, a French abbé developed a method of "interpretation of signs"—that is, of finding a correlation between isolated character traits and specific graphic signs, such as i-dots and t-bars, hooks, loops, flourishes, and curlicues.

This kind of graphology is *perfect* for nightclub prophets and summer-resort druids all over the world, because it is easy to master and, for a small or large fee, to apply successfully by spotting people's generous "t's," sensual "g's," sophisticated "y's," dictatorial "m's." It may be disappointing to hear that your "v's" are vindictive or that your greed shows in dollar-sign-like "s's," but nightclub prophets are usually diplomatic. Altogether, the information revealed by any handwriting is so rich and multi-layered that this kind of graphology, though crude, is genuinely captivating in the way horoscopes are. Like horoscopes, in spite of their sly ambiguity, it can be disturbingly accurate.

Respectability for handwriting analysis came only toward the eighteen-nineties, when the basic theories of modern graphology were established by a German philosopher, Ludwig Klages. Handwriting, Klages wrote, is one of the human body's expressive movements—in fact, one of man's finest gestures. A smile, a frown, a joyous waving of the hand are all movements suggested by impulses to the brain that are transmitted, through the spinal cord and the nerves, to the voluntary muscles. . . . Each movement carried out by the body, wrote Dr. Ulrich Sonnemann, the distinguished graphologist from Munich, varies from one person to another and within the scope of activity of the same person, even if the purpose and circumstances are identical. Yet all movements performed by one individual are somehow *unique*, because they are dictated by his or her particular brain, which is unlike any other.

The same goes for handwriting, only in a more startling, extraordinary fashion, because it is a gesture that has the complexity of symbols and, while it is happening, it makes a permanent record of itself.

Modes of writing have undergone phases of growth, perfection, and decay throughout history, becoming typical of their periods and eventually disappearing, to be superseded by other styles. The wax surface of the tablets on which the Greeks and Romans wrote produced a disconnected, broken style; the frail Egyptian papyrus required a light touch and slenderly built characters, while smooth vellum allowed for sturdier letters. In Elizabethan England three distinct scripts were in use: the *secretary* hand for ordinary business; the more fluid and pretentious *court* hand for the courts and government offices; and the graceful *italic* practiced as an art by poets, noblemen, and literate women.

Yet, graphologists say, handwriting's message is stronger than any mode: from the mysterious Linear B of Knossos to Napoleon's signature; from a note in shorthand to an envious neighbor's anonymous letter . . . *all* contain, indelibly, something of the author's personality for experts to decipher.

Your signature as a schoolboy was different from the one you developed twenty years later as chairman of the board, and the note you leave for the mailman may be less pretty than an invitation on your best letter paper, but the basic style is there, resisting momentary emotions, disguise, or unusual writing tools.

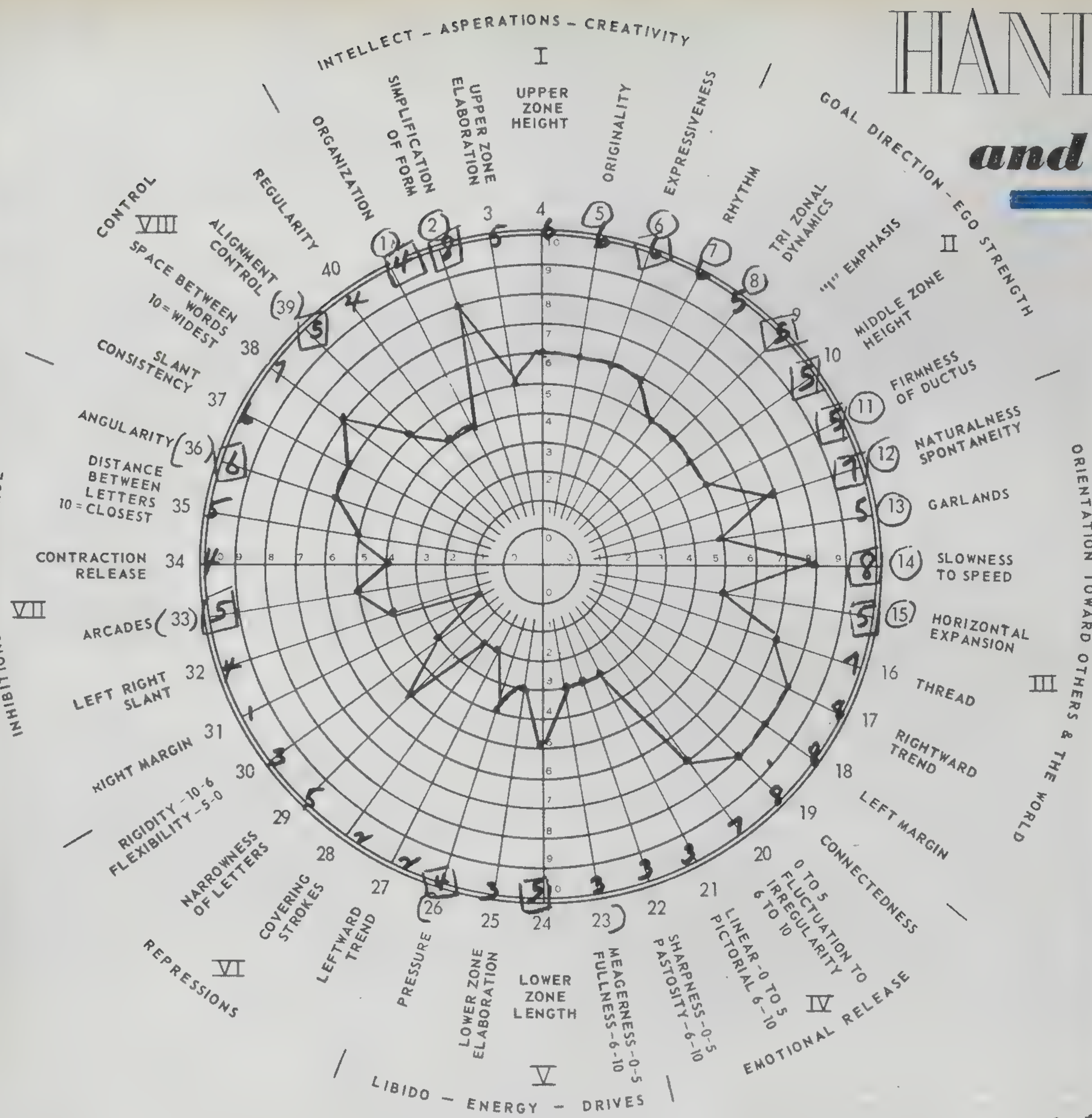
If you have a big ego, you'll write the pronoun "I" with the same revealing flair in the sand, with a stick held between your toes, as with a well-calibrated fountain pen. Beware, all you future anonymous-letters writers! If you *have* to do it, at least don't try to imitate the handwriting of an illiterate: chances are you'll cling to your sophisticated punctuation, that an exquisite subjunctive or two will slip through, and that after a few words your naturally fluid script will creep back, destroying the clumsiness you feigned.

Klara Roman, a brilliant Hungarian graphologist who died in this country a few years ago, made even stronger claims. Handwriting analysis, she wrote, can legitimately start with a child's scribbling—the graphic equivalent of his babbling or "vocalizing." These are not yet figures or words, but certainly they are the record of very free and personal movements. Later, in school, the child is taught to curb them into the stiff, copybook letters of the alphabet. As soon as he has mastered the symbols, however, he progressively returns to free expression; the individuality evident in his early scribblings reappears in his handwriting.

What a treat it would be for a graphologist to be given a collection of a person's handwriting that includes his childhood scribbling and even doodles, those extraordinary combinations of pictographs and abstractions that so faithfully record a man's day-dreaming. Alone at his desk, equipped with no more than a magnifying glass, a ruler, a compass, and a sharp pencil, the graphologist turns into a respectable voyeur, experiencing a power that not even the psychotherapist has: the ability to learn about a person without ever laying eyes on him.

Probably the only academic graphologists in the United States are Daniel and Florence Anthony—witty, warm, good-looking, (Continued)

HANDWRITING *and* YOU



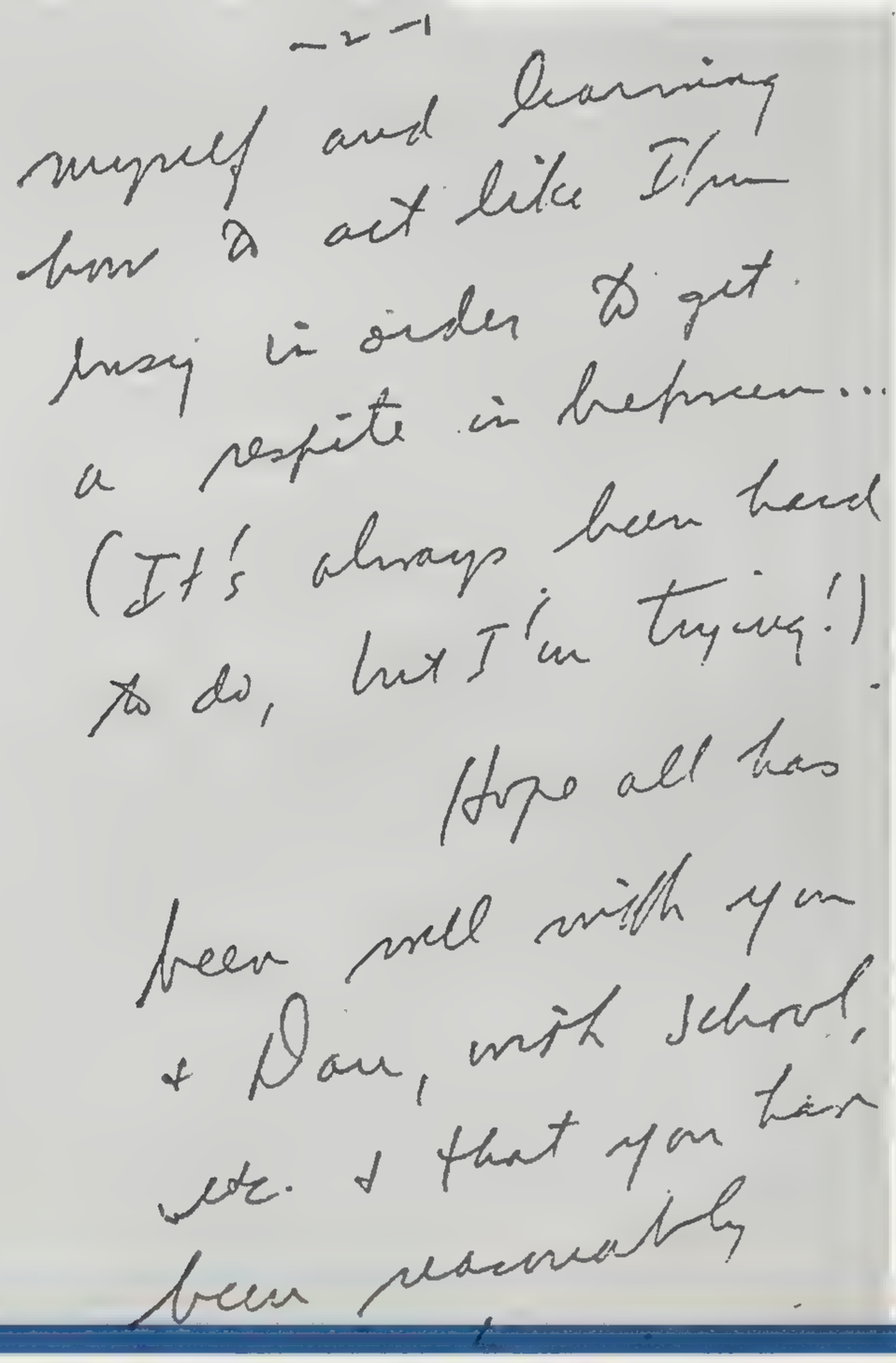
The page reproduced below is three-fourths its actual size. The samples of handwriting in the left column opposite are the actual size of the original documents.

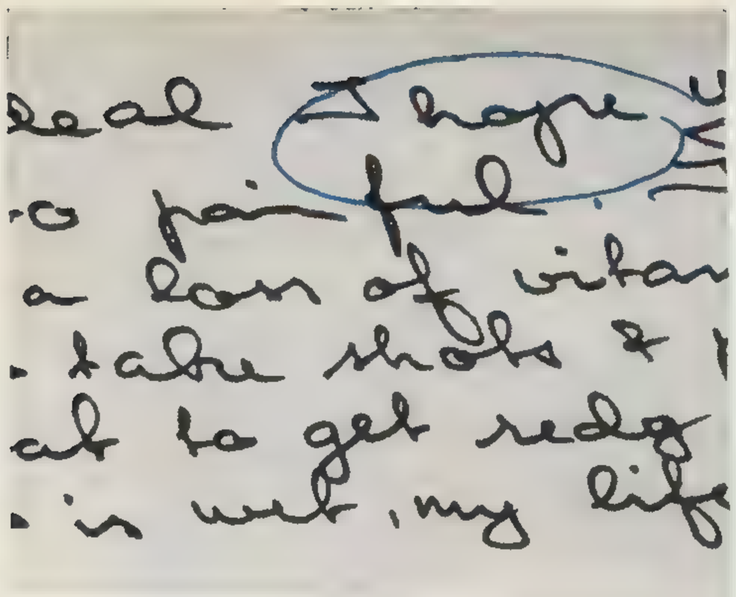
ROMAN–STAEMPFLI
PSYCHOGRAM 1955
REVISED
© COPYRIGHT 1964 BY
DANIEL S. ANTHONY

Psychogram of a temperament quite unlike the one on page 134

What the Psychogram above reveals about the script, right

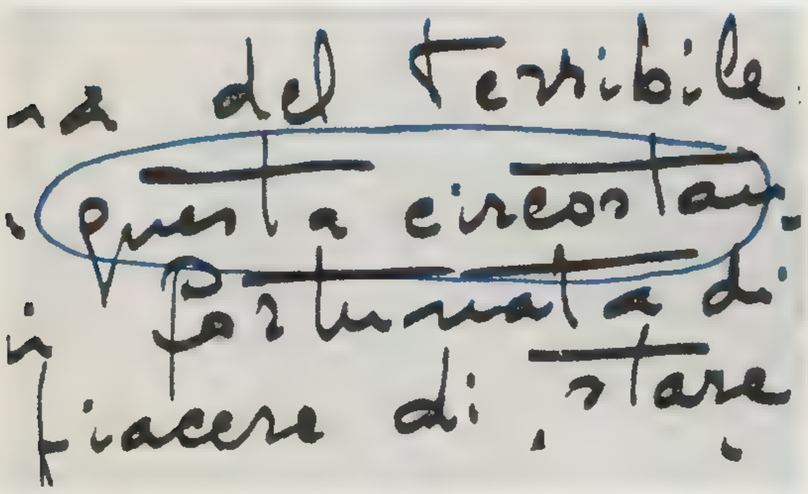
This handwriting is sharp, meager, linear, with a light and breezy uphill stroke. There is no right margin and an extravagant left one that increases with each line. Functional and spare, this hand reveals a euphoric, future-oriented personality, too busy to worry about self-image, totally uninhibited, and curious about people and the world in general. . . . This Psychogram diagrams the portrait of a thirty-year-old woman, a writer.

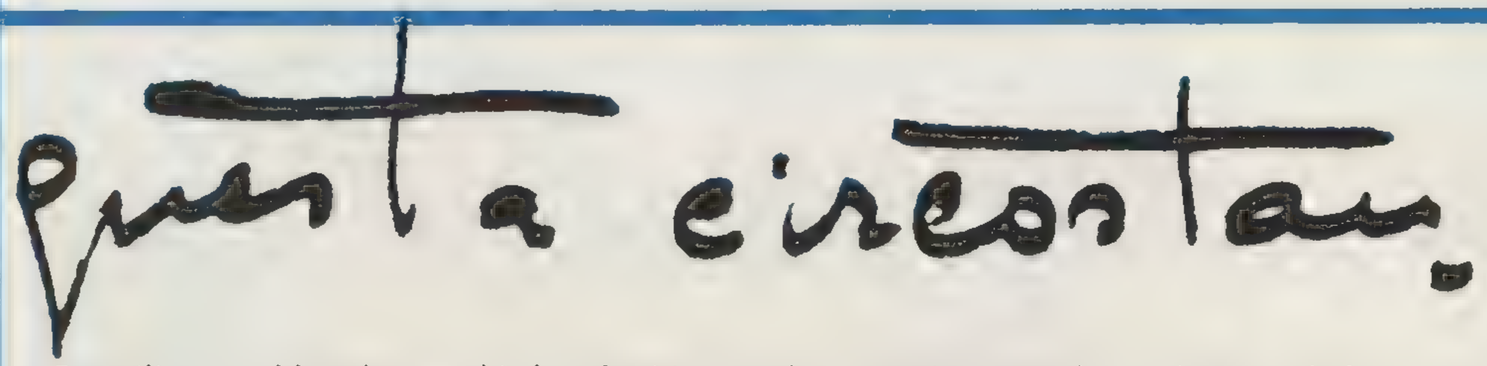




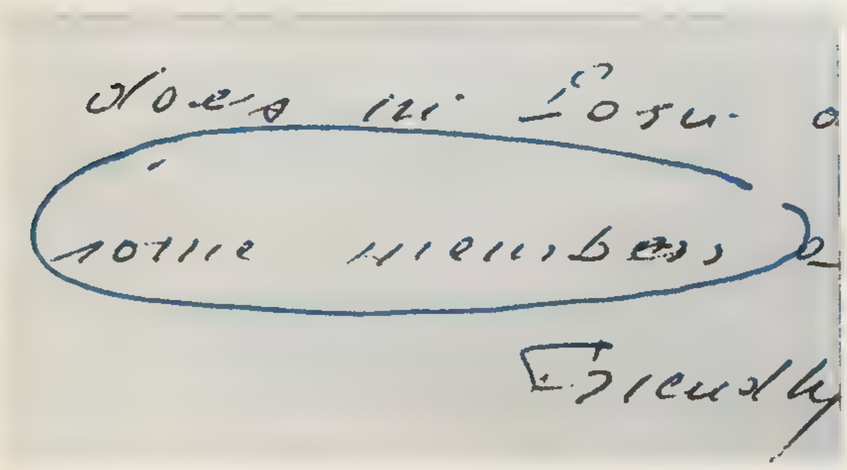


The leftward slant characteristic of the handwriting at the left might have been "put on" at thirteen, the age of funny sophistications, but now in this context it is a crystallization of the desire to be different. It is the writing of a confused personality—almost amorphous spiritually but also spontaneous, witty, unconventional, charming, with an instinctive feeling for quality. . . . This is the script of a thirty-two-year-old woman, a photographer.





Punctilious and handsome, this handwriting tends to convince neophytes that graphology is not so difficult after all. The weakness, the desperate and perennial need to project a remarkable impression, to cut a bella figura, as they say in Italy, is blatant here, especially in those flamboyant t's—vividly evident in the blow-up above. For this person, everyday life is too dismal; adventure and romance—even if they are only fantasies—are the only salvation. . . . The writer is a thirty-five-year-old playboy.





The basic pattern of handwriting, which is predicated on a rhythmic alternation of release (upstrokes) and pressure (downstrokes), is represented in this script with exceptional clarity and economy. For instance, in the words "some members," above, each of the m's looks like a Roman numeral III without the crossbars. Only under a magnifying glass are the delicately etched upstrokes that connect the firmer downstrokes visible. The person who wrote this, said the graphologist, could only be a surgeon or a fine artisan—and, in fact, this is the handwriting of a distinguished forty-eight-year-old plastic surgeon.

Three examples of handwriting with quick analyses by a graphologist

(*Continued*) and tough about facts. Mr. Anthony, the favorite pupil of Klara Roman, has studied all aspects of graphology for "more years than I care to count." He has read everything even remotely connected with it, has written books and articles about it, lectured at Princeton and Harvard, and is now teaching, with his wife, a three-year program (the only one available in the United States) in handwriting psychology and analysis at The New School for Social Research in New York. Daily, the Anthonys are exposed to the double standard with which graphology is considered. They face the indifference of the academic world; but registration for their classes turns into a rush hour. And Mr. Anthony receives brief but intense waves of respect in court when he is called upon to testify as a handwriting expert, as well as lavish compliments from presidents of large companies, who privately admit they would not hire even an office boy without first asking Anthony to evaluate his handwriting.

Just to have an idea of how a given person will function through the working day, one needs to know something of his mental fabric, whether he is being hired as a banker or a night watchman.

Since no microscope can show a human being's soul, and even within ourselves we experience moods and drives that we are incapable of understanding, predicting, or controlling, we look at people's faces, bodies. But we often get the body "messages" wrong, or clouded; often they are inadequate.

A handwritten sentence, independent from its meaning, is the result of a complicated physical, emotional, and intellectual process undertaken by an equally complex mechanism, the human brain. The act of writing, almost automatic for a literate person, starts as a deliberate translation of spoken words into graphic symbols. In the Western languages these are broken down into letters with individual sounds that may have almost nothing to do with the sound of the words they compose. But the tracing of each letter requires a separate impulse. Only with practice do we learn to write clusters of words without having to think of the individual signs. But once handwriting is mastered, it becomes an electrocardiogram of a person's mood, health, and personality; that is, the pattern of his personal way of dealing with himself and the world. While different moods and circumstances may slightly alter the appearance of his writing from day to day, the basic characteristics remain constant for as long as the personality does.

Graphology cannot reveal the content of thoughts, but as a diagram of your psychological makeup it can point out the degree of your energy, inhibitions, spontaneity; your balance, control, idiosyncrasies—from which your character can be inferred with extraordinary accuracy.

With their stubborn sense of humor, the Anthonys manage to laugh about the tawdry world of graphology corre- (Continued on page 148)







WHAT IT'S LIKE LIVING ON *perfection*

FOR MRS. WILLIAM McCORMICK BLAIR, JR., IN WASHINGTON, D.C., A CLASSIC APPROACH TO CLOTHES, FOOD, AND A FLAWLESS HOUSE

BY PHYLLIS LEE LEVIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

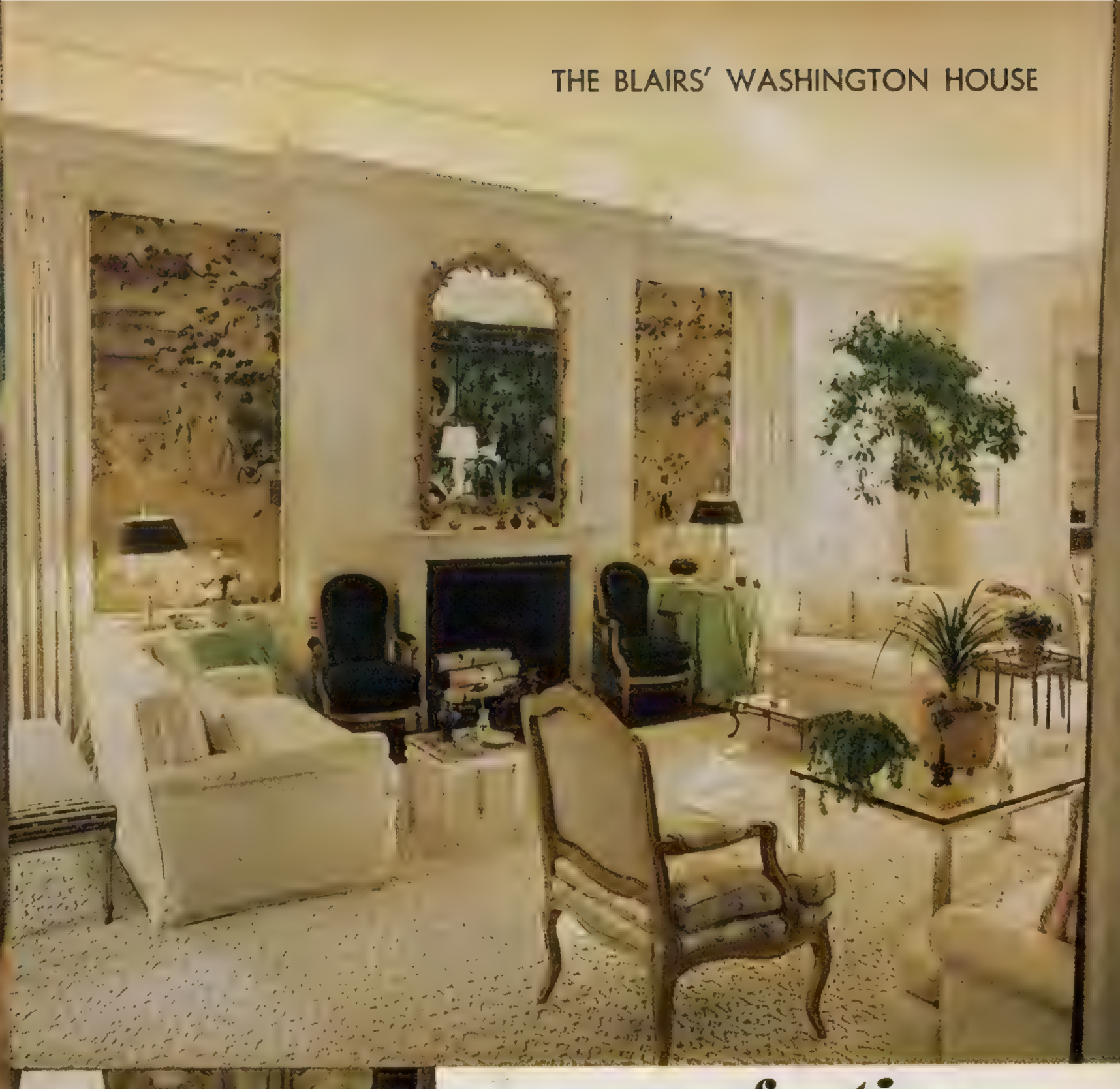
The pink-and-white brick house with its pungent boxwood borders and airy light interiors belongs to The Honorable William McCormick Blair, Jr., and to his wife, who is one of Washington's most beguiling assets since the first flowering of its cherry trees. A brunette with a fine-grained complexion, smoky opal eyes, a gentle voice, and neatly turned diction, Deeda Blair (her brother's nickname for her has stuck since infancy) is either visionary or endearingly other-era but, in any case, constant in her pursuit of the perfect —or of getting things done as well as it is humanly possible to do them. Such small things as an antique finial carved in triplicate; such infinitesimal things as grosgrain welting on jade velvet chairs; such transitory things as exactly ripe raspberries for luncheon guests; such generous things as gathering lithographs for her Israeli hairdresser's new shop; such grand things as lighting the property's back-woodlands as in Fragonard; such devoted things as her friendships; and such dedicated things as tireless study and purposeful lobbying for cancer research. Then there's all that lugging around (dragging carpet samples over to check as possible replacements for the prematurely aged ones at The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts), entertaining and fund-raising for the Center (the latest donation is an avenue of ficus trees for the second-floor corridor), which are precisely the reasons Deeda Blair and her husband are in Washington, D. C.

About four years ago when William Blair was serving as United States Ambassador to the (Continued on page 152)

Mrs. Blair with her husband, *above*, former Ambassador to Denmark and the Philippines, now General Director of the Kennedy Center; and, *left*, with her son William, III, age nine. Mrs. Blair, a Givenchy constant, wears his cropped white coat, black slacks and turtleneck. "For me," said Mrs. Blair, "terrific quality matters more than anything when it comes to clothes, food, or my household."









LIVING ON *perfection*

Comfort and beauty are Deeda Blair's constants—"any place I live, in anything I wear"

Because Deeda Blair likes clothes, furniture, whatever "to be what they are and never imitation," every detail of her living room is "genuinely old, genuinely new, or invented." The chairs, Chinese silk-scroll paintings, the mirror, *above*, are triumphs of eighteenth-century artisanry, while the sofas, various tables are present notions. "Carpets," said Mrs. Blair—hers are pale—"ought to be absolutely splendid or not noticeable at all."

Above: Mrs. Blair, in another part of the living room, wears Givenchy's mousseline-and-taffeta evening dress—the rare backdrop, *left*, a reversibly scenic Coromandel screen she unearthed in Paris in two long-separated parts and then hinged back. Its magnificence is undimmed by the easy, no-color silk sofa, the skirted and glass tables. Because there are no authentic period coffee tables, Mrs. Blair prefers having hers "plain and functional for holding books and plants." *Right:* The staircase in the marble-floored center hall (the dining room is in the distance) swirls up to the bedrooms, down to the brick-floored sun- and playrooms.



HORST

THE BLAIRS' WASHINGTON HOUSE

LIVING ON *perfection*

On flowers, under trees, luncheons and dinners are planned to the last petal

In the flower room, *above*, just off the dining room, Deeda Blair collects baskets, china and glass containers that she fills herself, often with Madonna lilies, Sasanqua camellias, white azaleas grown in her garden. Mrs. Blair loves digging in the cutting garden, *left*, small and scented by a profusion of white narcissus. "I love flowers, love the quiet of the garden and not having to speak for hours."

The last thing on Mrs. Blair's decorating list would be a dining room that looked like one. "Not for me that long brown wooden sideboard, all those straight-up chairs standing around." In her dining room, *left*, the table is a "made-up" fifty-four-inch circle, always skirted, here in hand-painted silk, with cushioned eighteenth-century chairs, all drawn dead off-center. Unseen, a big sofa, table and lamp, other lighting provided by lighted ficus trees and candlelight. When there are many guests, more cloth-covered tables, white-frosted *faux*-bamboo chairs are added. *Right:* Mrs. Blair wears Givenchy's cream silk shantung in her watercolor workroom—pale blues and snips of fresh parsley greens—part study, part package room, file case, and thinking space.

HORST

THE BLAIRS'
WASHINGTON HOUSE

LIVING ON ***perfection***

Still-life interiors,
appealing, exuberant outdoors





Above: The heated pool for all seasons, with an automatic, roll-over tarpaulin to steady the temperature between swims. Mrs. Blair swims daily and often midmorning with a friend, again at 5:30 with her husband, twenty laps a session is about her quota. *Left:* Young William wanted a canopy bed, too. His is early nineteenth-century brass hung with a neatly patterned sheer brown-and-white cotton. The dinosaur on the wall, early Blair.

HORST

Right: Deeda Blair, in scarlet-rimmed Givenchy, on the terrace "where we live and eat almost seven months of the year." The shower of flowers: a small orchard of non-fruiting Bradford pear trees (Mrs. Blair studies horticulture in depth) and, on the table, her own gentle turn of roses. Still more flower arranging, *top left,* for her bedroom —anemones, hyacinths, roses, and lilies of the valley hand-painted in Hong Kong after Mrs. Blair's own design on cream-tinted textured silk. Other special touches—the curtained eighteenth-century bed, the lacquer-bright floor, slicked with five coats of white deck paint.



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SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH MAXIME:

Andy Warhol turns gold into food

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

The Pop artist, movie-maker, and people-watcher Andy Warhol came into my kitchen to try out some of his new cooking ideas—his own kitchen was occupied by plumbing repairers.

Andy has long been interested in food; he illustrated a cookery book, and one of his early underground movies consisted entirely of another artist, Robert Indiana, eating a mushroom. The film was called *Eat*. But the first thing Andy set down on my 'thirties blue-enamel kitchen table was his tape recorder; the second was his Polaroid camera. He never stops watching . . . recording . . . filming . . . collecting people with his own and his mechanized memories. Andy has so much patience and is so incapable of boredom that he never tires of indulging other people, of letting them go to their limits of self-sense . . . or nonsense. A friend said, "Nothing escapes his intuition."

Andy let his intuition lead him in the kitchen, just as he has in his other arts. Stopping now and then to take a few snapshots of me (I think that tape was running, too), he created a health cocktail, an "entity" dish (a self-reliant chicken inside a squash), and then used his reversible alchemy to turn real gold into a glittering cake. His pasta recipe came from Paris, where he had it cooked for him at the restaurant-club Sept. Its basic is black gold—caviar.

ANDY'S HEALTH COCKTAIL

1 part liquid extract of ginseng (available at Kiehl Pharmacy in New York)
2 parts fresh carrot juice
1 part vodka (for his friends, none for Andy)

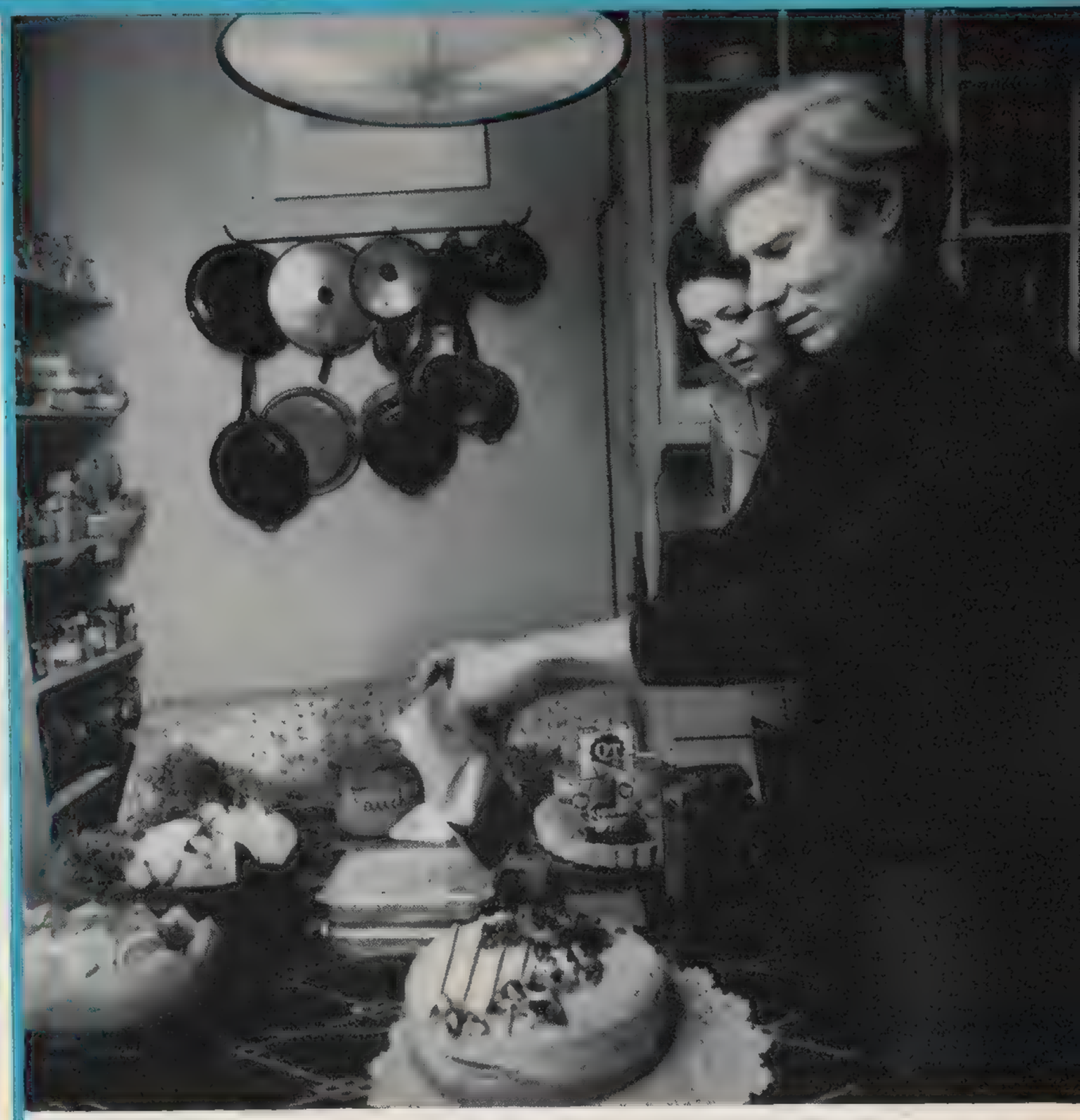
Shake with ice in a glamorous cocktail shaker and strain into proper 'thirties cocktail glasses.

WINTER SQUASH, WARHOL STYLE, six to eight servings

2 big squashes, about 17 inches long, 10 inches high
2 2-to-3-pound chickens (may be boned)
2 chicken breasts
4 tablespoons butter
Oil and extra butter
12 large mushrooms
8 large sprigs parsley
8 large sprigs dill
Salt and pepper

Scrub and dry squashes; cut a thin slice off one side of each, so they will sit firmly in the pan. Cut off the top third on the other side to form a lid. Andy cut one almost straight around with notches at each end to stabilize the lid; the other, he cut in a zigzag pattern that is more decorative and cut that lid down its center. (You can see the squashes at the far left in our photograph.) Scoop out the squash seeds and furry fibers, and scrape the lids quite deeply to make more room for the chickens.

Cut legs off chickens and put them in the freezer for some future dish. Lightly brown the chicken breasts and whole chickens in butter and oil, seasoning with salt and pepper. (Andy likes to add some of the Herbes de Provence from Fauchon, to be bought at the food boutique in Henri Bendel in New York.) Let the whole chickens sauté about fifteen minutes. Slice the meat from the extra chicken breasts and arrange in the bottoms of the scooped-out squashes. Put the chickens in the squashes, breasts up; surround them with the mushrooms, scrubbed, and the sprigs of parsley and dill. We tried some slices of lemon with one of ours, too. Replace the squash lids; you may have to do a little extra cutting or scooping to fit them over the chickens. Place filled squashes in roasting pan; bake at 350° 2 hours. During last half hour, remove lids, baste chickens with butter until brown. Replace lids before serving.



THOM LAFFERTY

THE UNDERGROUND ALCHEMIST AT WORK GOLD-DRIFTING HIS CAKE

SAUCE ON THE SIDE

½ pint heavy cream, whipped, mixed with 2 tablespoons Heinz tomato ketchup, 1 tablespoon Heinz chili sauce. Chill, serve separately with chicken.

BLACK-GOLD LINGUINE

5 ounces frozen linguine
Oil
Butter
8-9 tablespoons caviar

Boil linguine in salted water until barely tender—*al dente;* a little oil may be added to the water to keep pasta from sticking together. Drain and return to the pan; toss with butter. Serve plates of linguine with caviar spooned on top. Careful investors will keep the black gold in a neat mound as they eat; free-thinkers will stir caviar and pasta together. This is the best way I know to get through a large pot of expensive caviar without caring for the cost.

GILDING THE CAKE AND EATING IT, TOO

Andy brought along a huge cake covered with white icing and six packets of gold leaf (bought at an art-supply store, about $3 each). The gold is so thin that air currents and static electricity waft it about tantalizingly—even after it is on the cake. Andy let the leaves fall onto the cake in fluttering drifts, nailed them down here and there with silver spikes—Hershey's chocolate kisses in their shiny wrappers. The kisses must be unwrapped for eating, but Andy made sure—through the New York City Poison Control Center—that gold leaf in reasonable amounts is completely edible and uninjurious to health. Dazzled by our quivering, flashing gold-drift cake, we went on to gild a gingerbread brick (2 packets of mix, baked in a bread pan) by slapping the gold leaves straight onto the cake until it looked ready for Fort Knox.

DON'T LIVE WITH YOUR BULGES!

Those bulges or lumps that look like fat but do not disappear with dieting are probably caused by *cellulite.* These cushions of "fat-gone-wrong" can be found on the thighs, buttocks, abdomen and inside the knees — on 8 out of 10 women, thin or heavy — regardless of age.

First stage *cellulite* is recognized by testing for ripples formed when the skin is squeezed between thumb and index finger. Advanced *cellulite* is doughy, dimpled patches of flab that are sensitive to pressure.

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Just send your check or money order to the address below to receive Mme. Ronsard's 6-point program. It includes a 64 page illustrated booklet, 4 enlarged picture charts, precise easy-to-read instructions, and tips on nutrition, exercise, relaxation and massage techniques.

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In her New York salon, Mme. Ronsard utilizes scientific and mechanical means of breaking down the *cellulite* lumps. Several European-developed machines are involved. One emits a pressure-controlled stream of warm air that is directed to areas being treated; another gives an automated suction massage. Circulation is stimulated and *cellulite* loosened for elimination. The effect is pleasant and relaxing. Mme. Ronsard finds that these *cellulite* control methods are rapidly earning the same praise and success in America that they have always had abroad. For a consultation in New York, just phone 535-8550.



Nicole Ronsard

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Sorry, no COD

Your HANDWRITING

(Continued from page 137)

spondence courses with "degrees" available by mail; the shady advertisements by experts who sometimes turn out to be dropouts from one of their beginning classes. . . . That is their nightmare. Their hope is to see graphology become an important part of the curriculum for graduate students of psychology as it is already in Germany and Switzerland, where a number of psychologists, physicians, philosophers, as well as bankers, personnel directors, and social workers have for years *officially* included graphology in their investigation of man's psyche; they have used it to identify him, to evaluate his working abilities, and predict his behavior.

The Anthonys' dream is to see the day when inter-disciplinary teams, composed of psychologists, art critics, sociologists, neurologists, criminologists, *and* graphologists will cooperate with each other in a multi-faceted study of the human brain's functioning.

Martin and Pearl Tytell, another husband-and-wife team in New York, are both well-known experts—Martin Tytell on questionable typewritten documents and Mrs. Tytell on handwriting and typewriting. He is portly, jovial, with a spiffy moustache, and two or three "emergency" cigars sticking out of his breast pocket; she, a very poised and slender blonde with hazel eyes—"the prettiest Sherlock Holmes in the States," as her husband calls her. Peter, their son, is a dedicated researcher, a courteous young man who as a child disregarded all toys in favor of his father's fascinating typewriters.

"We don't go for all that psychological stuff of graphology," the Tytells warned me in unison. They protested, of course, too loudly, for in their big office in downtown Manhattan, together with many antique and foreign typewriters in a variety of languages, there are shelves and shelves of books—many of them autographed—on psychology, criminology, and graphology. Not to count their impressive collection of books and periodicals about questioned documents, ink and paper identification, and forensic photography, including a life subscription to the International Criminal Police Review.

Martin Tytell is one of the few men in the United States who can convert an ordinary typewriter into one with the special keyboard needed, let's say, by a chemist or a bridge-game analyst. He is capable of identifying almost any kind of typewriter in the world by merely glancing at a typewritten page. He can pinpoint the very machine that was used by observing certain minute peculiarities in the type and can also determine the document's date by calculating the extent of the keys' deterioration. "Types are as distinctive as fingerprints," said Mr. Tytell, who, together with Mrs. Tytell, in 1956-57 taught "Problems and Techniques of Questioned Document Examination" at New York University's graduate school of public administration. "They are as exact as handwriting," he added with a glance at his wife, as if cluing her turn to speak.

Anonymous letters written by the husband of an adulterous wife; signatures ostensibly collected for local elections that turn out to be imaginary or all written by the same person; a check for eight dollars turned into one for eighty by squeezing in a "y" and a zero after the 8; documents in which signatures have been tampered with or which were dated before the particular kind of paper used had ever been manufactured; letters which have been artificially soiled, aged, or folded long before certain questionable additions were made across the fold —only to an expert's eye is it clear that the ink line has *seeped* into the fold's worn groove, while elsewhere in the manuscript ink lines coinciding with a fold have *faded.* These are the kinds of problems Pearl Tytell deals with every day. Most of them are "routine." Only a few become challenging: "A really well-forged document is rare," she said cheerfully, "like a work of art!" Some cases occasion great publicity. For instance, in 1963 she was called to examine the Russian Grand Duchess Anastasia's handwriting and compare it with that of Mrs. Eugenia Smith, the sweet old lady from Chicago who one day announced that she was Anastasia, miraculously escaped from the Imperial family's assassination. Like several other pretenders, she was not Anastasia.

Pearl Tytell does not always reach the courtroom; often she points out to the lawyer who requested her expertise that his client is lying—in those cases a check arrives swiftly, and her report is quietly disregarded. But Pearl Tytell does not consider these defeats: "I always have my satisfaction," she said. "I know I am right, even when some lawyers choose to ignore the most objective truth."

Alfred Kanfer, an Austrian graphologist who, some thirty years ago, escaped the Nazi régime and came to the United States, is a classic example of the effect that the enervating double standard about graphology can have in some fields. In 1935, when he was still a consultant at the Ministry of Justice in Vienna for the examination of forged documents, Mr. Kanfer made an extraordinary observation to the proof of which he was to dedicate his life. He found that handwriting, like an infinitely sensitive seismograph, registers the presence, somewhere in the body, of cancer. Unlike the tremors and irregularities visible to the naked eye in the script of a man suffering from certain heart diseases, Parkinson's disease, epilepsy, or some form of syphilis, an unmistakable kind of deterioration that *only* the microscope can reveal appears in the writing of a person who has cancer. For the moment, this seismograph cannot locate the stricken area; but the presence in the body of any tumor, either benign or malignant, is unequivocally registered. It is so sensitive as to register not only the *presence* of cancer but the body's *predisposition* to it. At present, cancer research revolves principally around finding causes of the disease, but what if Kanfer has stumbled on the radical discovery that there are no external causes but only a susceptibility of the human body that registers ever so feeble waves in the handwriting of a stricken man years before any clinical manifestation?

For the moment, the medical community in general and the

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BALANCHINE

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female dancer marriage means the end of her individuality. Men don't lose this individuality. Women do. Consider a promising eighteen-year-old girl. She is beautiful. She dances like a dream. Everyone wants to see her, to know her. She becomes a star. Suddenly, from being a star, she becomes Mrs. So-and-so, married to a doctor.

"She runs around like mad being a dancer and being a wife —and, of course, it's all over. She is finished. She is not *she*. She is *he*. You cannot meet her anymore, because she already belongs to somebody else. And all those home problems! All right, the husband would perhaps not mind her going to class once in awhile, or to rehearsals once in awhile. He wouldn't even mind her making a little money.

"But I say, No. It won't do. It won't do because she must be here *all* of the time, just as I am here *all* of the time. I say, dancers should have romances, love affairs, but not marriages. I have very few married female dancers in my company. There's Allegra Kent, but she's an exception. She even has three children! Of course, she did not dance for six years, because each child takes two years."

Balanchine is adamant about the personal requisites and behavior of his company. Under his absolute authority, it has emerged as one of the finest in the world. He broaches no nonsense in terms of temperament or personal ambition.

A case in point: Suzanne Farrell, a young dancer of singular talent and beauty, for whom Balanchine choreographed his highly successful *Don Quixote*, fell in love and married a fellow dancer in the company—Paul Mejia. Balanchine was clearly disappointed in this turn of events. But he said nothing. After a time, Suzanne Farrell's young husband began to feel that important roles were not coming to him. He became restless and started to pressure Balanchine. Finally, he presented Balanchine with an ultimatum: either he, Paul Mejia, would be given major roles, or he and Suzanne Farrell would leave the company. Never one to be intimidated, Balanchine refused even to acknowledge the threat. Pressed for an answer, Balanchine at last replied with an angry, "No."

"How dared he think that I would be scared and say O.K.?" said George Balanchine, who has not spoken before on *l'affaire* Farrell-Mejia.

"Why should I have given him leading roles? I have Edward Villella, I have Jacques d'Amboise. And so, those two just left; and, of course, I became the villain. I don't really think Farrell wanted to leave the company. She never even came to me to talk about it or to explain. She just couldn't. Because she is so fascinated with him. It's one of those stupid things. She likes him; and no matter what he does or what he wants, she'll be there with him.

"Of course, she would like to come back. She calls me and says, 'We want to come back.' And I say, 'You are still *we*? How about *you*?'—because, you see, *she* is the one. Anyway, I hope she will be all right. She will go to Europe. She will study French. Everybody will admire her. She is very tough, and she will be there with that technique of hers —and she will be marvelous."

What, in essence, does Balanchine look for in a female dancer? What kind of body does she have? What is her character? What, her special quality?

"Some people don't like the kind of body I like," Balanchine said. "Basically, it is a question of proportion. When I was a child, women were short—the taste was for short women. In the Imperial Ballet in Russia, all the women were very small. At that time there was no special taste for longer necks, smaller heads. Always, the head was big and the legs were short. It was thought that tiny little hands and feet and a tiny little mouth were the marks of beauty. I was brought up in this milieu of tiny women. I was considered very tall—I was five-feet, eight-inches. Today, I am considered a short man.

"At any rate, today people are taller—and much more attractive. They have a better line—a better proportion. That is the kind of female dancer I like—tall and well proportioned—although

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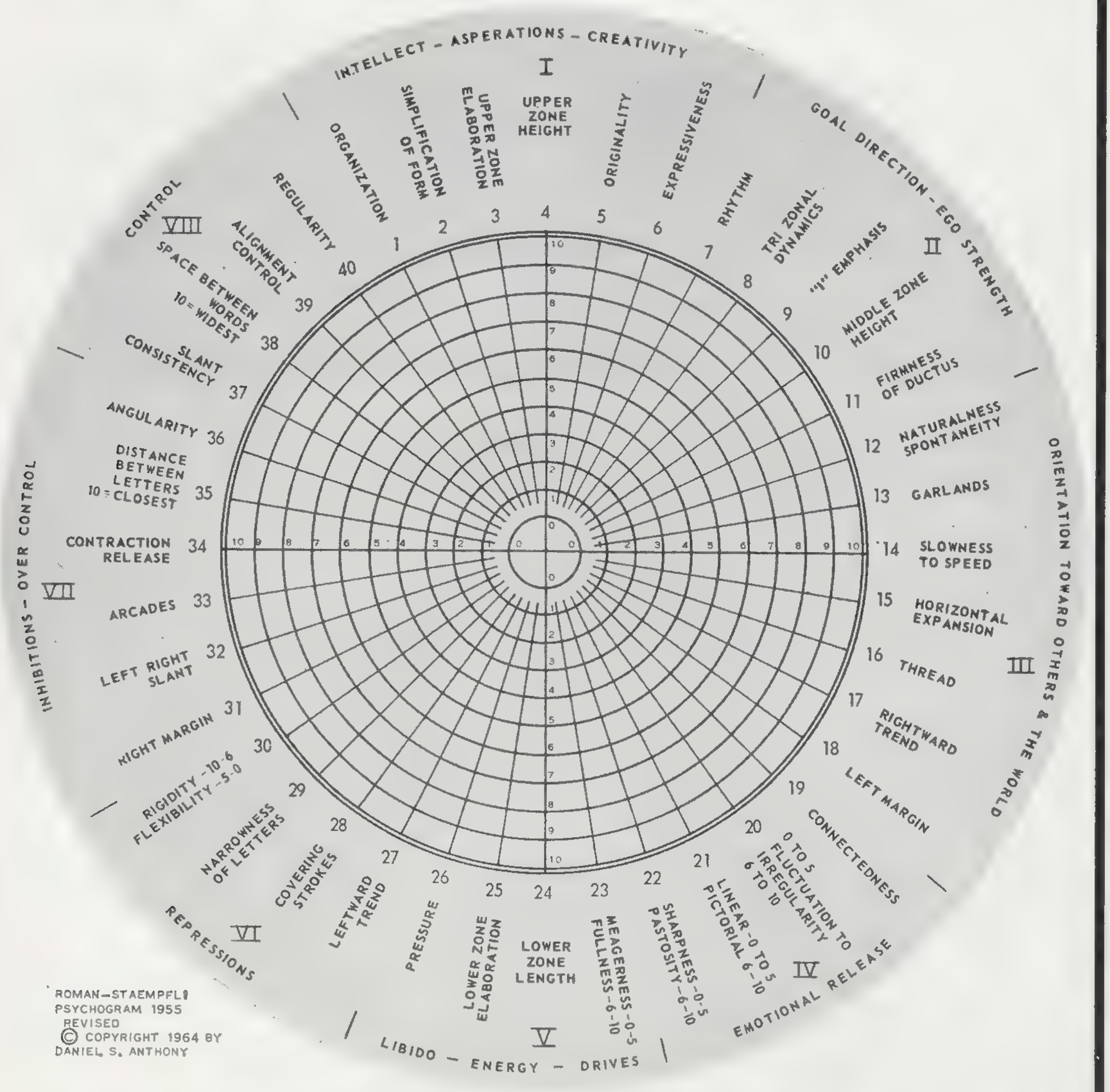
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specialists, too, are skeptical of Mr. Kanfer's discovery and have not yet officially accepted his invitation to "sit down at the microscope and see for themselves." A gentle, soft-spoken man, he is not altogether resigned to the scientists' skepticism and continues his research in his laboratory at the Preventive Medicine Institute, Strang Clinic, in New York, with the courage that only total faith in one's own work can produce. . . . "What Alfred Kanfer needs," said Dr. Daniel Miller, a cancer specialist and director of the Strang Clinic, "is some corroborative study done by someone in the medical community."

On the other side of the spectrum there are the grapho-therapists, a group that alarms serious graphologists and, predictably, excites the imagination of laymen. The concept that since character sets the pattern of handwriting, a voluntary writing change produces a corresponding change of character, is attractive but not widely accepted. "The circuit established between brain and graphic gesture is two-way," wrote Paul de Sainte Colombe, a successful grapho-therapist. "Thus the ability of the brain to influence the writing hand is reversible." People aware of their bad habits, according to De Sainte Colombe can change them if they practice prescribed writing exercises. First, one chooses an encouraging motto—for me, "Every day in every way I get better and better." Having spotted his negative personality traits in his handwriting (there is a keyed list), the patient tries to adopt more virtuous graphic symbols. Presumably, by the time he has lowered his lofty i-dots, boastfully upflung capitals and straightened his too-tall p's, he can also learn to lose weight, stop smoking, and so forth.

As the difference between pleasure and pain in a baby's cry may never be definitely measured in the volume and pitch of the sound, the value of graphology, too, may never be accurately calculated. But Dan Anthony's dream of the inter-disciplinary team is not farfetched, and the psychologists, who themselves have only fairly recently attained recognition among scientists, could best introduce the newcomers. Or the physicians, knowing that modern medicine has profited from the study of medieval treatises, grandmothers' concoctions, and the thinking of tribal medicine men. "It took my great-aunt Susan B. Anthony sixty years to get the vote for American women," commented Dan Anthony, scoffingly, "I have a few more years to go before throwing in the sponge."



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BALANCHINE

(Continued from page 149)

for me, dancing has nothing to do with the sex of the dancer. The dancer onstage is really a tool—an instrument that must perform certain gestures that are not only fast, or slow, or powerful, but also impressive. This tool—this body—must create an illusion. The gestures have to come out looking clean, and, above all, beautiful.

"Also, there is the question of a certain chemistry in the muscles. It is as with animals. Some very powerful animals don't necessarily have speed. For example, the lion is not as fast as the cheetah. This is what I mean by muscular chemistry, and it has nothing at all to do with technique. And so, I also look for this chemistry, which, finally, is impossible to explain, but which I can recognize instantly.

"The point is, I know what my dancers can do. I have only to look at them. I know this person has the ability to jump, turn, to understand, to be in time, to do this and that—to *look* a certain way. And I know exactly what to do with him or her. I choose, I select, I refine. . . .

"With me, if I like something, I consider it to be good. If I don't like something, then it's not good. When I work with dancers, *I* have to be satisfied. When I begin choreographing, I invent the steps, I invent the combinations—I force the dancers to learn something they don't know yet. Everyone learns a certain amount—and they always think this is enough. But it is not enough. Because when they think they know everything, there is still two-thirds more left to learn. I know this because I'm older, and I know more than anybody.

"Sometimes dancers in my company listen to outside advice. Especially some of my girls. They are told, 'Balanchine is mechanical, he will kill your lyricism, better not listen to him.' To that I say, 'If you listen to others, go away. I am the one to tell you what to do. Ninety-nine percent of the world is yours—leave me a corner!' And then they cry and say, 'It's a dictatorship!' Well, and so it is. The point is, I have to satisfy myself, and besides, I do not give my dancers things that they cannot do. I take from *them*; I borrow their best qualities to bring out the very best in them."

The New York City Ballet Company, with eighty-eight dancers and sixty-five orchestra musicians, is noted for its cool discipline, its vitality, and its great sense of homogeneity. Balanchine does not believe in the star system. The principal dancers (there are now fourteen) are always listed in alphabetical order, a system Balanchine initiated that has been adopted by other ballet companies. Women receive precedence in such listings, and for the New York City Ballet, they include Melissa Hayden, Allegra Kent, Kay Mazzo, Patricia McBride, Violette Verdy. The men are Jacques d'Amboise, Anthony Blum, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Conrad Ludlow, Nicholas Magallanes, Peter Martins, Francisco Moncion, Helgi Tomasson, Edward Villella.

Balanchine has learned his bitter lessons about the star system. "The star system is not for me," he said. "I used to list the dancers according to the length of time they were with the company. No more. I remember when we had André Eglevsky; he always wanted to be first. He didn't give a damn about the female dancers. He would say, 'I come first!' And he would say, 'I want a private dressing room!' And he would get angry and make scenes. Finally, he left. And so, after a few incidents like that, I decided on the alphabetical order. It's worked out very well. Besides, in that way you are never in danger of doing the sort of thing that the Royal Ballet does when it comes to New York, and that is to raise the prices when Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn dance, and lower them when they don't. That means you don't think much of your company. That's the star system for you. Anyway, when you think of the way some dancers have become stars! Usually, not by dancing.

"Take Nureyev. Nureyev did not make a name by dancing but by defecting from Russia and by living in Monte Carlo and by being seen in society, and so forth and so on. I offered Nureyev the chance to come and dance in my company. I said, 'Come and dance everything we have.' He said, 'No. I want to dance *Giselle* and *Swan Lake*. I want to be Prince. All my life I've wanted to be Prince.' And I said, 'We don't have *Giselle* and we don't have *Swan Lake*, because I don't believe in those ballets: I find them boring.' And so, Nureyev said, 'All right, I will dance with you once in awhile. I will come and dance *Apollo* and a few other ballets.' Naturally, that was entirely out of the question, and that was that.

"I don't need guests, and I don't want my dancers to be guests with other companies. If someone joins my company, he must be here all of the time, and dance in everything we have.

"That is also why I cannot take on a dancer like Natalia Makarova, who also defected and came here and joined the American Ballet Theatre. Makarova is a good dancer. But I cannot give her what she needs. I don't have *Giselle* or *Swan Lake*. And so, what would she dance? *Western Symphony* one night, and *Bugaku*, another? Makarova has said she wants to do *Bugaku*. Why should she? I already have several dancers who do *Bugaku*. Makarova is made for *Giselle* and *Swan Lake*."

Balanchine has often been criticized for becoming disenchanted with ballerinas past the age of, say, twenty-five. His critics claim that he is given to dismissing his female dancers at the very peak of their careers. These allegations hold little water when one discovers that Melissa Hayden, still a principal dancer with his company, is now nearing fifty. Characteristically, Balanchine does not shirk the issue.

"You see," he said, "the whole idea of ballet is that you have to be very young and very beautiful. It's not about 'Bravo! She's Grandma Moses, but she *still* dances!' Yes, we have Melissa Hayden, and she looks very good; but she doesn't look twenty. Even I . . . if I were to show you my body, you would never believe I was sixty-eight. You would think I was about thirty. The point is, I like my dancers to be very young and very beautiful—and especially my female dancers, because ballet is about women and not about men.

"I read somewhere that Nureyev believes that the art of ballet belongs to men. That, of course, is complete nonsense. You can scream like hell, but woman is still first in ballet. Man is an attendant to a queen. He is a consort, he is noble, brilliant, but, finally, merely *good enough* to be her partner. Ballet is a woman. And all of my life I have dedicated my art to *her*." ▼



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living ON PERFECTION

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Philippines, Robert Kennedy asked him to be managing director for the center. In 1961, when Bill Blair was Ambassador to Denmark, he married Deeda after a happy though suspenseful courtship in Chicago, Paris, and New York, a courtship of quiet picnics and political confrontations, during which time Deeda kept "waiting to be asked." Bill Blair was Adlai Stevenson's law partner in Chicago, a thumping force in both his campaigns for the United States' Presidency. A graduate of Groton School and of the University of Virginia Law School, he collects autographed photographs of the greats of our time and has them hung in his Georgetown library (his wife would prefer they were pasted in albums). Mr. Blair, whom Stevenson called "the dear friend, companion, and counselor of my crowded years," is an urbane and exhaustively curious man ("Bill feels he has to see everywhere . . . I pick my spots"), who visited eighty-eight mayors in eighty-eight cities during his Denmark stint. His talent for reaching out to people leaves his wife admiringly wistful. "I remember a party in the Philippines with at least two hundred people. Bill must have gotten to shake hands and chat with at least one hundred and eighty-seven of them. Typically, I talked to two people near one sofa and was afraid to excuse myself for fear of insulting them."

Though Mrs. Blair is still uneasy (or perhaps it is really shy) in a vast crowd, she has had to learn durable lessons from her years with her husband in diplomatic service. "You learn never to be surprised," she said. "And to expect the unexpected. And you do try to learn to accommodate yourself to other people's customs." Deeda Blair never practices come-one come-all type of entertainments but prefers carefully arranged, thoughtfully seated luncheons and dinners. She thinks her attempts at somewhat precise entertainments in the Philippines were a special disaster. "People came hours after you asked them, brought a few cousins or a sister-in-law, all unexpected. It was probably excellent discipline for me to adjust to planning things that never happened on time or the way you wanted them to happen."

Deeda Blair learned discipline, however, long before her stay in the Philippines. As Catherine Gerlach, growing up in Chicago, the daughter of a patent lawyer "who did nice things quietly," she studied at The Convent of the Sacred Heart for twelve years, as her mother had, then came East to Bennett College and to the Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers. There was a "most unimportant job" in the display department at Saks Fifth Avenue; some nitty-gritty campaigning for the late President John F. Kennedy with his sister Eunice Shriver; and, finally, her present happy and adventurous marriage and, in 1962, the birth of William, III.

What does Deeda Blair like the most about life in Washington? "Why, it's the privacy you have here. You see, no one really knows what I'm up to." Apparently, it's making all the jigsaw pieces fit flawlessly with hardly a crack showing anywhere. There's a talent, of course, to pulling off this sort of composition—the boxwood-bordered house; the delightful interiors; the adorable child (and bright, too); the Philippine houseman, Roque; the young and pleasant Spanish cook, Vincenta; the Givenchy wardrobe; the abundantly delicious food; the exacting table settings; the daily swim in the heated pool; the cutting garden; the woodlands soon to be naturalized with lilies. Deeda Blair's talent for making life beautiful all around her is, of course, part eye, part energy, part formidable patience for menial details, part caring so hard that you don't ask anything more of anyone else than you would of yourself. Caring enough about the opening festivities at the Kennedy Center to bring back 1,312 yards of red-white-and-blue scrolled cotton from Boussac in Paris, to track down and beg various dressmakers to sew the cotton into coverlets for 182 round tables, and, further, to summon members of the junior committee to press

"I care about quality more than anything . . . the pursuit is endless."

them—no maids allowed. Mrs. Blair was satisfied with the results of the opening party. So were others, apparently—thirty-nine of the table skirts disappeared by the end of that evening.

If caring about perfection is nine-tenths hard work, it is also equally seeking and appreciating expert advice. Apart from her two William Blairs (Jr. and number III), the significant men in Deeda Blair's life are William Baldwin, Hubert de Givenchy, and Russell Page—who have helped her, respectively, to furnish her house, her wardrobe, and her gardens. When the Blairs bought the 1931 Georgian brick house, Deeda Blair called Billy Baldwin to help her. An ardent scrapbook keeper, she had found his name mentioned on the photographs of the rooms she admired. Their meeting was a case of mutual admiration at first sight. Billy Baldwin thinks Deeda Blair "has instinctively applied herself as a student of French furniture and has brought the eighteenth century wonderfully up to date." He admires her restraint and sense of continuity. "The line goes through much more than usual. And her patience. It's extremely un-American. She'll wait endlessly for the exact thing she wants. By contrast, my life is made hideous by women who need something on a certain date for a certain dinner party as if that were the only night of their lives they were going to ask people in."

Billy Baldwin has helped Deeda Blair, she said, not to make "expensive or early mistakes. There is no one more practical and he keeps you from getting all tangled up with one pretty chintz, or one color, or one fringe that you won't be able to stand after awhile." Together the team of Baldwin and Blair has achieved a white and leafy atmosphere, a manor house a short drive out of Paris that, in fact, happens by accident of geography to be quite close to Georgetown, in Washington, D.C. There are creamy white walls, creamy woolen rugs, straw rugs, rug-less and white-painted floors, plants by the dozen, pale silks and dashes of melting blues and soft greens. And always a plan for comfort, tables where they are needed and lamps where they are essential. "She puts down a plant instead of a piece of furniture, if she can't find what she wants," said a friend. "Deeda's never slapdash. She always does her homework."

Lessons, formally taught—she took Speed Reading and Speedwriting when she learned she was going to be an Ambassador's wife—or self-taught skills are part of Deeda Blair's intensive approach to whatever she does, whatever way she chooses to live. A friend said: "I may know more about lots of sensible things to do with plants because I've been working longer with them, but I bet Deeda knows more about them scientifically—as well as their Latin names. She has great intellectual curiosity, whether it's about cancer or the eighteenth century. And Bill Blair really loves what Deeda does. You know how it is. Some husbands don't like what their wives do, but Bill is one who does." Including, it seems, what his wife does with her wardrobe, perhaps because Deeda Blair, minding her husband's love of beautiful evening clothes, buys the prettiest party dresses in Givenchy's collections.

Deeda Blair shops now only at Givenchy, though her first Paris design was a Chanel suit which she wore every other day "just like a uniform." This tells a lot about Deeda Blair's attitude toward clothes. Special new things, a good coat, two new suits yearly, are bought for "going out in the world," while the two-year-old kept-overs take turns as the running-about uniforms. The evening dresses, though superb, are never "too distinctive, too noticeable." Whatever Deeda Blair does buy, the same discipline, restraint, and respect for great dressmaking and perfect tailoring apply. "Maybe it was my grandmother's superb hats—I remember loving them—that started me thinking about beautifully made clothes. And maybe it was wearing a uniform at the convent all those years that taught me *not* to

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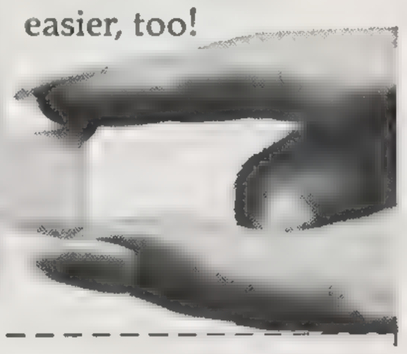
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living ON PERFECTION

(Continued from page 153)

need to change things all the time." She looks all-together, because that's the way she shops—buys directly the sweater or shoes or handbag or whatever she needs to complete her costume. "Then I forget about my clothes, except to keep them up, of course." Mary Lasker, who has shopped at Givenchy with Deeda Blair, finds her "thoughtful, careful. I tended to get it all over with when it came to picking things out, but Deeda has taught me some caution."

If Deeda Blair has taught caution to some friends, she has learned caution from others. Great Britain's eminent horticulturist Russell Page, landscape designer to Agnellis and Rothschilds, plotted the exterior of the Blair house. "Russell told me not to do anything for a year and then he taught me to explore all sorts of possibilities before making any final decisions. He thinks in terms of complete composition, visualizing the whole rather than the inches. And then he thinks about scent as well as species of greens and flowers." With Russell Page's blueprint, Mrs. Blair has studied each planting put in on her property, making as many as two weekly trips to a neighboring nursery and myriad calls to the U.S. Department of Agriculture to trace shrubs recommended by Mr. Page. While the lawn and cutting garden, the back terrace and the woodlands are under constant study, finishing the pool was a matter of chance dinner-party conversation. "I just happened to be sitting next to Philip Johnson and I thought he would know how to terrace the area around the pool. He said marble was the only thing to have in Washington because it remains cool." And white marble it is, framing the heated pool whose green tarpaulin cover rolls back for Mrs. Blair's daily winter or summer swim.

Morning starts at 7:30 with breakfast in bed; Bill Blair eats downstairs. "Not as fancy as it sounds," Deeda said. "I just go to the backstairs and yell to Roque and up he comes with a tray of coffee, orange juice, and, sometimes, a slice of marvelous bread that a Portuguese baker makes for us and we keep in the freezer." Then, there's Bill Blair reminding her of luncheon guests with whom he will be returning at one o'clock for food that Billy Baldwin says is "always original and not heavy. But I don't mean skimpy or ladies-lunch either." Deeda Blair enjoys serving food that is a bit mysterious, veal or lamb patties that a guest might not recognize, on slivers of toast, a pureed vegetable, china custard cups packed with Schrafft's vanilla ice cream textured with crushed pralines and topped with brown-sugar wafers. The guests leave thinking it all charming and effortless. Mrs. Blair won't have mentioned the three trips to the market that morning, one to check out the meat ("I'm afraid I do hover"), one to see if the mushrooms are white and small, and another to the supermarket.

Mrs. Blair, who experiments endlessly with her recipes, "but never on guests," took lessons in Paris and more in Palm Beach. She loves French food, "but the simple kind," and stops short of the "large fish and complicated sauce things."

But complications of any sort are not part of Deeda Blair's design, particularly when it comes to her appearance. Mrs. Blair's fine complexion is doused with soap and water ("I never feel clean otherwise") for a spell, alternated with a medicated face wash "that's like Mr. Clean, I'm sure." Makeup means a foundation on the nose, brush-on powder, and "quite a bit of eye makeup." There are two weekly hairdresser sessions, mostly last moment—fifty-five minutes does a shampoo and set—and five minutes worth of Carmen curlers, three on each side, after the swims; a hairpiece frequently buoys the back of Deeda's hair and "that's about it. I don't think I'd changed my hair in ten years until I noticed the Givenchy models last summer turned theirs up instead of under. Then I went off to Alexandre to have *mine* perked upwards; and, you know, not a soul noticed the difference." Without meaning to, Deeda Blair has made a crystal comment on her self-image. Secure yet casual about her beauty, immune to momentary fancies, dedicated to her standards, Deeda Blair is probably too modest to realize that she represents, to her friends, an unswerving image of definitive style, values, way of life.

(Continued on page 160)

VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call 689-5900

Boys' & Girls' Camps

PLEASANT BAY CAMP

Only Co-ed Salt Water Sailing Camp on Cape Cod. Ages 6-13. Sailing, swimming. Tennis, archery, baseball. Trips, music, drama. Crafts, nature. Riding extra. Screened cabins. Nr. churches. **Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Melcher, Jr., So. Orleans, Mass. 02662.**

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Fairlee, Vt. 68th yr. Three brother-sister camps. Challenging programs in tripping, arts & crafts, swimming plus genl. camping activities. Aloha, girls 12-17; the Hive, girls 7-12; Lanakila, boys 8-14. **Edw. E. Thode, Jr., Box 929, Hanover, N. H. 03755**

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Echo Lake. Individualized program for boys and girls 8-15. Sailing, Skiing, Scuba, USLTA Approved Tennis Program, Riding, Canoe & Mt. Trips. Theatre & Studio Arts. Non-sectarian. **Dr. & Mrs. M. H. Archard, 5 Lookout Ave., New Paltz, N. Y. 12561.**

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60 Boys & Girls 5-15. Est. 1938. Well planned program—not regimented—to help each camper develop individual abilities. Riding, swimming, canoe trips, tennis, crafts. 135 acres. 90 miles N.Y. **Mr. & Mrs. H. O. Petersen, Rhinebeck, NY 12572. 914-876-4783.**

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Our Lady of Lourdes for girls. Acadia for boys. Ages 6-18. Two private lakes in Catskills. Riding, water skiing, all sports, trips, weekly dances, crafts. Tutoring. Res. priests. M.D., R.N. 66 yr. **212 926-5840. Rev. A.G. Pagliarulo, 472 W. 142 St., N. Y. 10031.**

NOTTINGHAM CAMP

A summer of fun and friendship for boys & girls, 8-16, June 25-Aug. 19. 360 acres. Riding, riflery, swimming, sailing, water skiing, golf. Canoe trips. Crafts. 4 wks. $350, 8 wks. $600. Catalog: Write: **Jim Spiro, Dir., Box 1020, Colora, Md. 21917.**

Boys' & Girls' Camps

McCALL'S RANCH CAMP

Coed. Ages 5½-16. E. of San Diego. Summer fun; full, uncrowded camp prog. Horsemanship, archery, swimming, campfire. Wk. or season. Also special surfing camp, ages 11-18. Travel to many surfing spots incl. Mexico. **Ctlg. P.O. Box 133 V, Alpine, CA 92001.**

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Eagle River, Wisc. Separate sites—Boys & Girls 7½ weeks—Swimming, riding, sailing, tennis, creative arts, ecological appreciations, Lake Superior cruising. Tutoring. Include resume of experience & age. **John Jordan, 242 Bristol, Northfield, Ill. 60093.**

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47th yr. Camps Cloudmont, Shady Grove, Valley View Ranch. A'top Lookout Mt. Near Chattanooga, Tenn. Boys—Tennis, Golf, Athletics, Ranching Camps. Girls—200 horses. Hunt, Eng., West.; Sports, Snowskiing. **Jack Jones, Mentone, Ala. 35984.**

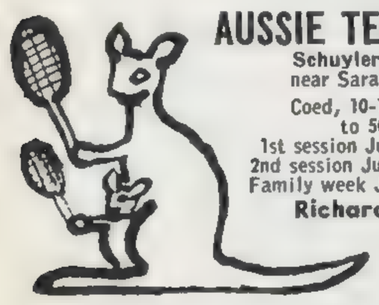
WATER SKI CLINIC

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Any of these camps will gladly give you further information.



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914-941-6576

Valley Farm

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(313) 467-7463

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Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Schaefer.

QUARTER CIRCLE V BAR RANCH

40,000-Acre Arizona Ranch Camp • Coed 7-17
Challenging opportunities in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental & ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival in a value oriented community. Extensive travel thru historic southwest. Optional academic work. Spanish Language Institute. Nationwide enrollment. ACA Accred. 43rd yr. Catalog.
Also Winter College Prep School
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For Overweight Boys and Girls 10-18

First camp specifically for the overweight. Medically directed. Have fun, lose weight! Follow up. Parent seminars. ACA accredited. 20 acres, private beach, pool. CIT's. Professional staff.
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SCUBA DIVING—FISHING
WATER SKIING—SAILING
summer camp for boys & girls 9-16
CAMP HUGO
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Boys' & Girls' Camp

CAMP CLARAC—CANADA

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Directors of schools and summer camps listed in this issue will gladly send you full details on their curricula and programs.

Summer Creative Arts

BEAUPRÉ:DANCE,DRAMA,ART

8-wks. of creative living, girls 9-17. Stockbridge, Mass. Illustrious faculty. Classical ballet, modern & ethnic dance. Plays, musicals. Painting, drawing, design, ceramics. Cultural excursions. Pool, tennis. Ctlg.: **Mrs. S.V. North, Box 98, Riverside, CT 06878.**

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40th Summer. Main Sessions May 22-Aug. 12, 1972. Music, Theatre Arts & Musical Theatre. Ballet, Painting, Crafts, Photography, Writing, Languages, Figure Skating. Short courses March thru October. **Write: School of Fine Arts, Banff, Alberta, Canada.**

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Held at The Hinckley School, Hinckley, Maine
For further information write to: Erling H. Heistad, Director
HAYSTACK-HINCKLEY SCHOOL OF CRAFTS
72 Highland Ave., Lebanon, N.H. 03766

Boys' Camps

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on the ocean—for boys 7-17

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CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION OF PRIVATE CAMPS

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Camp Pacific
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Carlsbad, CA. 92008
714-729-2385



Boys' Camps

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT

Fun & adventure for boys 7-18. Six groups, 2 lakes near Old Forge. Mt., wilderness canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, nat. sci., riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. Nurses. 47th year. "One of the best." **Wm. H. Abbott, Box 2375, Fayetteville, N. Y. 13066.**

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Sebago Lake, Me. Est. 1906. Boys 8-15. 4 or 8 wks. Sailing, waterskiing, field sports, tennis, mtn. & canoe trips, Jr. Maine Guide, conservation, arts. Able staff. Epis. emphasis; all faiths welcome. Non-profit. **Box C, 258 Concord St., Newton, Me. 02162.**

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NAMEQUOIT

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On salt-water bay, fresh-water lake. 160 boys, 8-15, 4 age groups. Fleet of sailboats. Racing, swimming, canoeing, fishing, tennis, riflery, baseball, gymnastics, nature, woodworking. Educational trips. Experienced staff. Tutoring. 47th year. ACA accredited. Catalog.
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Wayland, Mass. 01778, Tel: 358-7454

Boys' Camps

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One of the oldest and finest Adirondack camps. Boys 8-16. Personal instruction in swimming, riding, team sports, tennis, golf, sailing. Overnight trips, fishing, water-skiing, rifle, archery, crafts, science. Small groups. Tutoring. Booklet. **Phone: 516 PY 8-4156**
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Minocqua, Wis. Estab. 1938

Directors:

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Wittenkamp

Personal attention to individual development of 120 girls 6-16. Diversified programs: waterfront, activities, landsports. Riding and the Arts. 4 or 8 weeks. Brochure. Write:

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Red Pine Camp for Girls, Minocqua, WI 54548

Girls' Camps

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A fine traditional camp for 27 years. 90 Girls 6-16 enjoy true & lasting friendships on Raquette Lake in Adirondacks. Horsemanship, Tennis, Water Skiing, Sailing, Canoe Trips, the Arts. Impeccable facilities. **Mrs. C. V. Clough, Pleasantville, N. Y. 10570.**

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175 acres on private Adirondack lake. Girls 6-16. Excellent instruction: swimming, sailing, riding, tennis. All land sports. Waterskiing. Trips emphasized. 50th yr. Brother camp. Tel.: 518-668-5026. **Mr. & Mrs. Barr V. Morris, Diamond Point, N. Y. 12824.**

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Full Program—Tennis, Archery, Crafts, etc.
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Camp Stanley is the original non-medical Slim-Down camp. Average weight loss 20-45 lbs. Superb facilities include **20 Tennis Courts,** Heated Pool, Lake, Private Golf on Premises, Horseback Riding, Archery, Water Bikes, Fencing, Volleyball, Baseball and much more. Specialized Slimnastics with exclusive Patented "Beauti-Boot". Re-education in eating habits. Social Grooming for Poise and Confidence. Follow-up Program maintains weight loss. Send for Brochure. *Accredited by American Camping Association & Assn. of Private Camps.*

C.I.T. Program

Mrs. Gussie Mason, Director
Author, "Help Your Child Lose Weight"

CAMP STANLEY

Box 529, Hurleyville, N.Y. 12747

Also Camp Tahoe for Overweight Boys

Girls' Camps

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In Shenandoah Valley. Real camping on farm in foothills of Alleghenies. Riding, swimming, hiking, crafts, dramatics, nature study, Indian lore, dancing, music. Girls 6-18. Experienced leaders. Cabins. 8 wks. **Margaret Hoffman, Box V, Woodstock, Va. 22664.**

Ask Vogue for camp information.

TON-A-WANDAH Hendersonville, N. C.

For Girls 7-16



In Blue Ridge Mts. Large private lake. Three age groups under mature trained leaders. All land and water sports. Riding, music, dramatics, art, tennis. Three, four, seven and eight week periods. Inclusive fee. Write for catalog.

Baxter Haynes, Dir.

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"Every sailboat working every sailing hour"

Daily sailing on protected Pleasant Bay. Pro staff ideal for beginner or advanced. Large varied fleet. Own yacht club. Racing. Riding included; camp owned stables. Swimming, tennis & the arts. Est. 1905. Write:

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Mrs. Chase Schaetz

Girls' Camps

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Any of the camps listed here will gladly give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

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CAMPS, SUMMER SCHOOLS AND TRIPS . . .

The Directors of summer programs listed in these pages will be glad to send you their literature. Should you wish further information, just fill in this coupon and mail it to Vogue's School & Camp Bureau. Listed in Vogue's School & Camp Directory are both schools and summer camps. Heads of schools like to know the proposed entrance date, age and grade at present, course or courses preferred. Directors of camps appreciate receiving information on age and desired activities.

Mr.
Mrs._____
Miss

Street address: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For: _____

Age now _____ Grade now _____

Location preferred _____

Special interests _____

3-1-72

For advice: write Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call 689-5900

Summer Schools

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SUMMER SESSION JUNE 15—AUGUST 3
Coed, grades 8-12. Accred. & enrichment courses. Small classes. Water sports on Rappahannock River. Tennis. Swimming pool. Trips to nearby places. Write: **Summer School, Box 158-V, Tappahannock, Va. 22560.**

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Coed. Dexter, Me. Ages 10-18. Accred. summer school. All subjects. Remedial Program; Tutorial. Typing, Driver Ed. Golf, tennis, waterskiing, sailing, landsports. Est. 1926. Ctlg.: **Lester V. May, 157-83rd St., Brooklyn, NY 11209. Tel: 212-745-5024.**

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Newport, Rhode Island
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Long Lake Lodge
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Aft. Jun. 15: Bus.: 207-647-2264; Res.: 207-647-3789

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The Directors of the summer camps, schools, and travel groups listed here will be very glad to give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

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Junior Colleges



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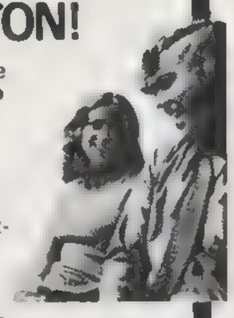
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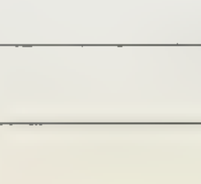
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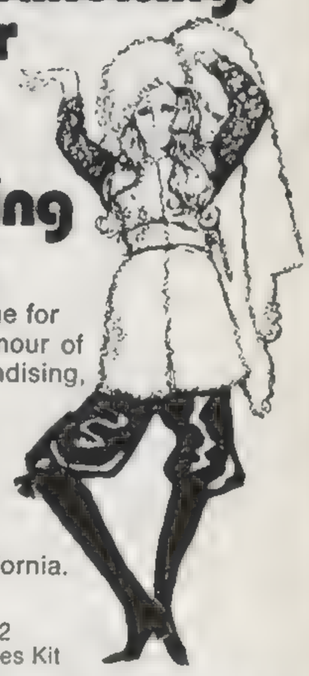
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Year of Graduation _____ V9

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Mr.
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Special interests _____

Location preferred _____ Entrance date _____

3-1-72

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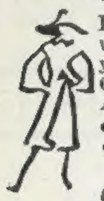
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ACCESSORY INFORMATION

PERSONAL STYLE

Page 77. With Kimberly's poppy red-and-plaid turnout: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; William de Lillo earrings, at Bonwit Teller; scarf by Echo, at Lord & Taylor; shoes by Tony the Shoemaker, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 92. With the dress-and-jacket suit from Bill Blass: the hat, scarf, and pin at Mr. John.

Page 93. With Jaeger's red-and-white knit turnout: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique glasses, at Bergdorf Goodman; Michael Danyon earrings; scarf by Echo, at Lord & Taylor; belt by Bea King from Midtown Belts, at Henri Bendel; watch, at Fortunoff.

Page 94. With Diane von Fürstenberg's jersey wrap dress: Doro scarf and K.J.L. earrings and bracelet, at Bonwit Teller; Roger Vivier shoes, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 95. With the strapless jersey pyjamas by Scott Barrie: Emily Wetherby scarf, Hamelton Hall Imports flower, and K.J.L. bracelets, at Bloomingdale's; shoes by Tony the Shoemaker for Bonwit Teller.

Page 96 (above). With Cardinali's black crêpe de Chine: Emily Wetherby scarf, at Bergdorf Goodman; flower by Flower Modes; Eisenberg Ice earrings; K.J.L. ring, at Bonwit Teller; Indianhead tights; David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.

Page 96 (below). With the black-and-print turnout from Mr. Dino: hat at Mr. John; K.J.L. earrings, at Lord & Taylor; Yves Saint Laurent belt; Ciner ring; Hanes tights; Socialites shoes.

Page 97. With Jayna Modes' black matte jersey: flower by Flower Modes, at Bonwit Teller; Berkshire tights.

Page 98. With the navy georgette by Bill Blass: hair ribbon by Hyman Hendler; William de Lillo earrings and Flower Modes lilies of the valley, at Bonwit Teller; Marvella necklace, at Lord & Taylor; Indianhead tights; David Evins shoes.

Page 99. With Bill Blass's navy georgette: square cuff links by William de Lillo and Flower Modes gardenias, at Bonwit Teller; Indianhead tights; Customcraft shoes.

Page 100. With the black jersey trousers and white linen jacket from Gustave Tassell: beret, at Mr. John; Carel earrings; pendant and bracelet by Alexis Kirk; Customcraft shoes.

Page 101. With Adolfo's separates turnout: pin on head wrap by Alexis

(Continued on page 160)



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ACCESSORY INFORMATION

(Continued from page 159)

Kirk, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Ciner ring; Van Raalte tights; shoes by Shoe Biz, at Henri Bendel.

Page 102. With Halston's cardigan and pull, Cacharel pants: beret by Emmanuelle Khanh for Paris Collections; Ship'n Shore shirt, at Abraham & Straus; scarf by Echo, at Lord & Taylor; Willie Woo pin, at Bergdorf Goodman; Elegant belt; Hanes tights; Golo shoes.

Page 103. With the green-white-and-brown checked tailleur from Cardinali: hat at Mr. John; Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 104. With Mohanjeet's quilted shirt-jacket: Aduké Afrique beads; Park Lane belt.

Page 106. With Stephen Burrows' chamois snap-front dress: bracelets by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs; Vanity Fair tights; sandals by Palmroth of Finland.

Page 107 (top left). With the flower-print turnout from Missoni: headband by Janet Leitner for Mr. Lawrence; Ruza Creations flower; Laguna necklace.

Page 107 (right). With the natural silk pongee jacket and skirt from designers' Melange: Bergère earrings and chains; Tiffany bracelets; Burlington tights.

Page 109. With the silk chiffon dress and scarf by Hanae Mori: K.J.L. pin, at Bonwit Teller; rings by K.J.L.

SMOOTH UNDER ALL

Page 124. With the black haltered maillot by Tru Balance: bracelets by Yves Saint Laurent, at Bloomingdale's; trunk suitcase by Louis Vuitton, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 127. With Vassarette's plunge bra: William de Lillo earrings; K.J.L. bracelet and rings; Hanes Cantrece nylon stockings; Herbert Levine shoes, at Bonwit Teller; Walborg bag; Grandoe gloves; Boyt duffel.

Page 128. With the lacy black under-wire bra from Bali: K.J.L. earrings, at Saks Fifth Avenue; dome ring by Ciner; narrow ring by K.J.L.; Ciner bracelet, at Altman's.

Page 129. With Vanity Fair's basic black bodysuit: K.J.L. ring and bracelet, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 130. With Warner's white stretch lace bodysuit: K.J.L. ring.

Living ON PERFECTION

(Continued from page 154)

Whether it's food, clothes, gardens, luncheons, tours of the Kennedy Center with diplomat friends, Deeda Blair is home at four o'clock to greet William, III, a quick, taffy-haired nine-year-old who practices football in the driveway with his parents (his mother has firmly ruled, "I will not be tackled anymore"). William paints and often readies his "splatter-splurt" canvases for Mary Lasker's visits, bargaining over whether she ought to pay fifty cents or more to add another painting to the Blair collection growing among her other memorable acquisitions.

Young William (it is his father who is always called Bill) was a few months old when he accompanied his father to the Copenhagen airport to greet Adlai Stevenson. William and his father have been companions ever since. And years ago his mother decided that being with William at the close of his school day was more important than being anywhere else. "'There's nothing in the world to prevent you from being home at four o'clock,' a friend told me. And she was right. That friend also advised me not to have a nannie as soon as I could do without one. And I am home, barring crucial obligations. It's not a question of anything huge happening. Usually, I ask William what he wants to eat; and, of course, I'm never told what happens during the day. But I do try to be in the room with him when he does his homework. I think it's important for him to have the discipline of working at a desk and in the same spot all the time." Discipline. There goes that word again. Deeda Blair has the discipline to search out what she wants to fit where she wants it. "I guess I care about quality more than anything else, in food, flowers, everything. I must say the pursuit is endless." ▼

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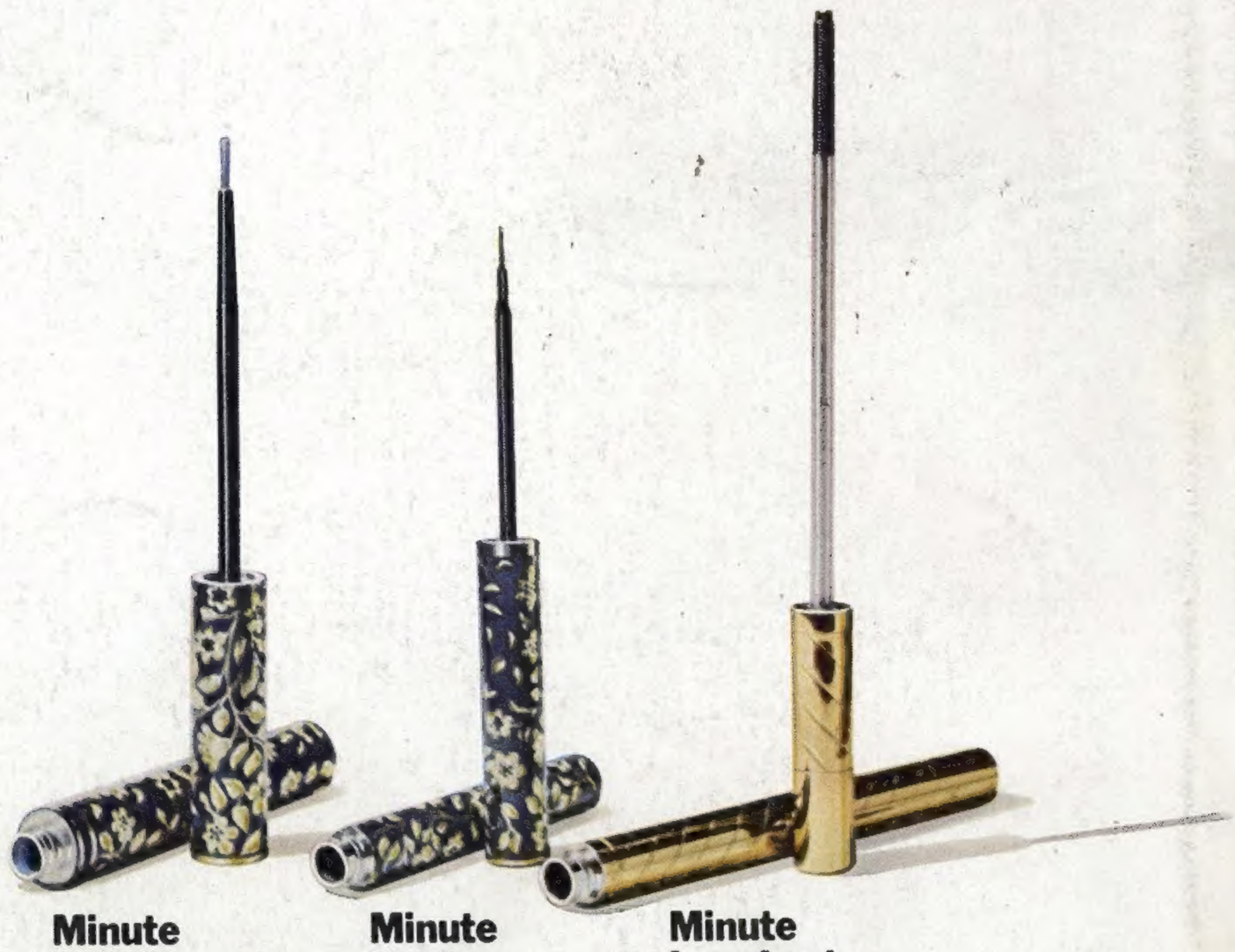

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